JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 1, 1923. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 913 SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Monsoon Havana "Elites" Cheroots

Have the aroma, mellowness and fine flavour of a good Havana Cigar.

10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

H. Marvis & Sons, Ltd., London, E.

'BULLETS' BIG XMAS OFFER

The Man to Vote For

The Cause of RHEUMATISM IS NO MYSTERY

Medical authority says Kidney Pains, Backache, Gout, Lumbago, etc., must positively go when you wash out the acids and impurities which form their DIRECT AND ONLY CAUSE. Advises drinking alkaline medicinal water. Easily prepared at home.

RHEUMATISM can be caused in but one way. That is by acids and impurities in the blood. Chemical analysis and microscopic examination of the blood prove this beyond the possibility of doubt or argument, as any standard medical work will explain in detail. Of course various conditions, such as exposure to cold and dampness, or committing certain errors of diet, can make rheumatism worse, but the primary cause always remains the same. Therefore, trying to get rid of rheumatism without ridding your blood and system of the acidulous impurities which directly cause this physical calamity, is exactly like trying to get rid of smoke without putting out the fire. Pain-causing and kidney-irritating uric acid is no different from any other acid in that *it must be neutralised by an alkaline liquid.* Nothing else can have just the same effect, this being an elementary principle of chemistry, of course. It naturally follows that to dissolve, neutralise and wash out the rheumatic acids the liquids you drink must contain the necessary alkaline elements to be absorbed into the blood and act upon the acids. These elements are easily provided. Simply procure a small supply of the refined Alkia Saltrates compound from any chemist. As much as can be heaped on a sixpence should be dissolved in your tea, coffee, water or other drink and taken every morning. No trace of any bitter, salty, sour, or other taste can possibly be detected. Also it cannot upset or irritate even the most delicate stomach. The only evidence that you are taking a medicine will be the plainly noticeable relief from rheumatic pain which it quickly produces. In each package of Alkia Saltrates the refiners enclose an authoritative and extremely valuable treatise, giving useful diet hints and other interesting information for rheumatic sufferers.

DISORDERED KIDNEYS DO NOT NEED DRUGGING.

They only need a thorough flushing and cleansing. Nature will then do what no medicine can.

SPECIAL NOTE.—We are informed by Saltrates Limited (Dept. 246 K.), Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1, who prepare a very high grade of Alkia Saltrates, that during the next 10 days they will, as an advertising offer, supply anyone interested in the product, with a regular 1s. 9d. size packet free if applicant cares to send sixpence for the postage, packing, etc.

GRAVES

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

are better value than ever. Handsome powerful instruments of exquisite tone and dependable quality constructed in our own manufactory, offered at the keenest competitive price and on the Easiest Terms of Payment ever made

WE DELIVER Graves Gramophone, (either Hornless or Horn Model, as desired) securely packed and carriage paid to approved orders for 5/- with order. If you are satisfied with the machine after trial in your home, the balance is payable in monthly payments of 5/- Money refunded in full if you are disappointed.

GRAVES HORNLESS GRAMOPHONE has beautifully polished Cabinet of selected oak (size 16½ x 14 x 7½ins) Powerful Motor with worm drive, silent & even running. Speed Regulator, Taper Tone Arm & finest quality Sound Box. All bright parts heavily nickel plated. £3:10:0

GRAVES GRAMOPHONE (Horn Model) has Cabinet, size 12½ x 12½ x 6½ins beautifully polished and tastefully decorated. Powerful, skilfully built silent motor, Taper Tone Arm, Speed Controller, decorated Sound Horn, and finest quality Sound Box. Price £3:5:0

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of our newest Models of Horn and Hornless Gramophones offered at the Keenest Prices & on Easy Terms Post Free

Motor Information Coupon.

Please send me information regarding the following car.:

.....

.....

.....

Fill in the details and these particulars will be sent you. Address Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Another Reader's Home gutted by Fire!

JOHN BULL pays £175

SCENE: The Rotherfield Garage, Rotherfield, Sussex. Mr. A. HILL-HEYWOOD, the proprietor, was cranking a car at the time. Suddenly it back-fired and in a twinkling was a mass of flames which instantaneously spread to the garage and the living apartments above. So fierce was the fire that the house quickly became a raging furnace and ultimately a blackened shell.

Fortunately his wife had taken the precaution to become a registered reader of JOHN BULL, and the cheque for £175 which she has now received, together with what it was possible to snatch from the flames, will enable them to establish a new home.

"John Bull" Insurance Benefits include those on account of Fire, Storm, Flood, Lightning, Explosions of Gas or Domestic Boilers, Burst Hot Water Pipes, Sickness, Home Accidents, Sports Injuries, Boating and Bathing Accidents, etc., etc. SIGN NOW!

FIRE Up to £400

BLACKBURN, by BATHGATE.—Mrs. MOLLOY, Main Street.
CARDENDEN, FIFE.—W. MILLAR, Colinton Cottage.
NORFOLK.—Mrs. E. COOKE, Brandiston Common, Brandiston, by Alderford.
EDINBURGH.—A. J. WRIGHT, 9a, Roxburgh Street.
LEITH.—Mrs. I. DOUGLAS, 28, Albany Street.
CAMBUSKENNETH, by STIRLING, N.B.—T. MONAGHAN, Windsor Cottage.
HAMMERSMITH, W.—A. C. BARNES, 17, Rannock Road.
SOUTHALL.—A. TUCKWELL, 46, Redsleigh Road.
NORTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. A. HAMBLIN, 52, Middle Street.
BIRKENHEAD, CHESHIRE.—Mrs. ARMITAGE, 91, Peel Street, Lower Tranmere.
MORLEY, YORKS.—F. METCALFE, 30, Church Street.
SOUTH BERMONDSEY.—C. G. DRAKE, 81, Galleywall Road.
NOTTINGHAM.—E. J. SIMPSON, 27, Maleking Street.
KELSALL, SUFFOLK.—R. SPALL, Trust Cottage.

STORM Up to £300

GLASGOW.—J. LONGMUIR, 16, Greenvale Street, Mile End.
NANTYBWCH, TREDEGAR.—H. SAMUEL, Nantyrbelig.
HARRINGTON, CUMBERLAND.—Mrs. E. VELTMAN, Quay Side.
COWCADDENS, GLASGOW.—Mrs. J. BOYLE, 25, Braid Street.
BLYTH, NORTHUMBERLAND.—T. BEDFORD, 3, Ann's Row, Hodgens Mill.
NORTH ORMESBY, MIDDLESBROUGH.—T. MEEHAN, 47, Alphonsus Street.
WALKLEY, SHEFFIELD.—W. A. MORGAN, 52, Moorwyde Avenue.
JOHNSTONE, SCOTLAND.—Mrs. A. McCORMICK, 26, Leighcartside.
PLYMOUTH.—W. TOWLER, 9, Coburg Street.
WREXHAM, DENBIGH.—T. JONES, 14, Lloyd Street, Rhos.

Sickness Benefits £5-5-0

—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (or Lockjaw).

MELBOURNE, DERBY.—G. O. SMITH, 4, Rowdon Street.
BIRKENHEAD.—Mrs. D. A. WILLOUGHBY, 402, Borough Road.
GOLDTHORPE, nr. ROTHERHAM, YORKS.—Mrs. E. LOWE, 9, Gosling Gate Rd.
HUCKNALL, NOTTS.—Mrs. STATON, 5, Beardall Street.
GLOUCESTER.—Mrs. L. TAYLOR, "Bleak House," 26, Station Road.
BLAENAVON.—Mrs. M. BISSOFF, Rosemary House, Llanover Road.
BARROCK.—Mrs. E. D. ATKINSON, 23, Park Place, Gilfach.
HANTS.—W. DAVIS, Sheffield, nr. Botley.

Accident Benefits £3 per week

BARNSTAPLE.—W. W. VICKERY, 10, Coronation Street.
GAINSBORO', LINCS.—Mrs. L. PEACH, 31 Clinton Terrace.
PORTSMOUTH.—Mrs. A. E. PENNICOTT, 21, Queen's Road, Buckland.
METHIL, FIFE.—Mrs. A. McLUCKIE, 627, Wellesley Road, Denbeath.
READING.—Mrs. N. WELLS, 73, Baker Street.
BRADFORD, YORKS.—Mrs. S. E. A. ROGERS, 21, Agar Street, Girlington.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. C. R. CUMMINS, 129, City Road, Hulme.
SNEINTON, NOTTS.—Mrs. A. HITCHCOCK, 20, Upper Eldon Street.
TREDEGAR, MON.—Mrs. R. A. BADHAM, 3, Bullers Terrace, Georgetown.
WATFORD.—Mrs. M. L. PICTON, 236, Whippendell Road.
SUTTON-IN ASHFIELD.—J. W. BONFELLO, New Cross Hotel.

Burst Hot Water Pipes.

CHORLEY, LANCS.—J. SEFTON, 20, Moor Road.
BARROW-IN-FURNESS.—P. BELLIS, 60, Sussex Street.
LOWER BRYNAMMAN, GLAM.—Mrs. M. WILLIAMS, The Hollies, 36, Brynamman Rd

209 Benefits paid this week—Total now 10,369

CUT HERE

J.B. 1.12.23.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature.....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date..... .....

Use 1d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B. 1.12.23.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date..... .....

Not more than three Gift Sets sent to any one address.

YOUR GOLDEN XMAS GIFT from JOHN BULL

JUST as fast as hands can wrap them, thousands of these dazzling Golden Gift Sets are being distributed into the homes of our readers. In addition to the "Masterpiece" Lever Self-Filling Model "John Bull" Pen, this superb set contains a **FREE GIFT** of a magnificent 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil, and as a **BIG EXTRA SURPRISE THIS WEEK** we are enclosing in each box Two Xmas Gift Stamps equivalent in value to 2/-.

Send for your Gift to-day, as the huge stock of 50,000 is fast disappearing.

THIS WEEK! EXTRA FREE GIFT Value 2/-

As a **BIG EXTRA XMAS SURPRISE**, we are enclosing in every box sent out **THIS WEEK** Two Christmas Gift Stamps, equivalent in value to 2/-

The Golden Gift Set

Contents:

The 5/- **MASTERPIECE MODEL PEN**, fitted with 14-ct. solid Gold nib, iridium tipped. Beautifully chased and finely tooled. A triumph of British workmanship. The Pen can't leak—the wonderful safety cap sees to that. Here is a pen which will serve him just as well as other pens costing 17/6. Written two years' guarantee with every pen.

FREE! A 2/6 **"EVERPOINTED" PENCIL**, superbly silvered and handsomely chased, complete with rubber and re-fills—a princely gift for the festive season.

XMAS GIFT COUPON.

"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPT., LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. 2.

Please send me the Xmas Golden Gift Set(s) described below. (Cross out the one not required.)

FOR MEN.

No. 1.—Golden Gift Set containing the "John Bull" Masterpiece Model Pen (Men's Size) and 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE. I enclose cheque P.O. for 5/3 (which includes 3d. for postage and insurance).

FOR LADIES.

No. 2.—Golden Gift Set (Lady's Size) containing the Masterpiece Model Pen in a slightly shorter size and a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil (also smaller, with pretty pendant top). I enclose cheque/P.O. for 5/3 (which includes 3d. for postage and insurance).

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Pocket Clips 3d. extra. Postage on Two Sets, 4d.; on Three Sets, 6d. Postage and Registration abroad (including Irish Free State) 6d. each set.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

J.B. 1/12/23. Cross cheque/P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull."

CASEMENT CURTAINING

NEW AUTUMN PATTERN BOOK

Send P.C. for Pattern Book. The Largest Range Obtainable

Includes Plain and Trimmed Casement Cloths, Trimmed Mosquito Nets, Coloured Cloths and Illustrated List of Lace Curtains.

BUY NOW AND SAVE MONEY.

5½d. PER YARD

LUDLOWS
F. 2. The Looms, Bradford

The Star bargain this week is on Page 6.

Remember all advertisements in "John Bull" are guaranteed.
C. B. Ltd.

JUNO GRAMOPHONES

EASY PAYMENTS FROM 1/9 WEEKLY

37/6 CASH

Xmas Presents you will enjoy through out the year.

Cash 37/6
British Made. Carriage Paid.

We have every kind of model in stock, and you can obtain them on the easiest of easy payments. Our system is to arrange terms so as to bring these wonderful gramophones within the reach of all.

14 Days Free Trial

FREE six double-sided Regal or Columbia Records.

GUARANTEE. Our 45 years' reputation. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Buy direct from the makers and save middleman's profits.

Write for our beautifully coloured Catalogue B7. FREE on request.

METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS Co., Ltd.
169 & 243, St. Ingate, London, E.C.2

Dyspepsia, Flatulence

pains after meals point to nervous stomach disorder

How Mr. Mulholland was cured:

In a letter written from 46, Crown Avenue, Clydebank, N.B., Mr. D. Mulholland says: "I should like to say a few words in praise of your very excellent tablets. Whilst in the Navy I developed indigestion, and after meals I felt heavy and all wrong generally. I tried pills and powders one after the other, but all to no purpose, and I had almost given up in despair when I saw your advertisement. I bought a box of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and by the time it was finished I felt like a new man entirely. Your tablets are undoubtedly the finest thing ever produced for indigestion."

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

Take Dr. Cassell's for

Nervous Breakdown	Anæmia
Neuritis	Palpitation
Indigestion	Kidney
Sleeplessness	Weakness
Neuralgia	Children's
Nerve Pains	Weakness
Headache	Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices: 1/3 and 3/-
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

The Mail Order Market

A PERFECT POSTAL SERVICE FOR BARGAIN HUNTERS

WHEN SENDING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

Send for this
TONIC WINE
NOW!
Don't envy health! Send to-day for your bottle of "Dansovin," the nerve-strengthening, flesh-forming, blood-making Tonic Wine, Makers established over 150 years.
DANZOVIN TONIC WINE
is indispensable to the weak and ailing, for building up after illness and wherever perfect health is sought. Send 4/6 (under cover of money back guarantee) for large bottle to-day from
4/6 POST FREE
JOSEPH HOBSON & SON
IMPERIAL STREET, LEEDS

A SPLENDID NOVEL GIFT
WHICH DELIGHTS EVERYONE
This marvellous invention gives particular pleasure to the recipient, and interests and fascinates all who operate it.
'DELIVEREM'
AUTOMATIC DELIVERY
CIGARETTE CABINET
Unique—Ornamental—Dependable
Simply press a lever, the bird stoops and picks out a cigarette, as shown, and a match appears in front. Holds 40 cigarettes and 40 matches. Beautifully made. 11 in. high x 5 in. square. In Oxydised Copper 17/6 Post free.
Or in Polished Brass 32/-
Immediate delivery. Cash returned if not approved.
F. J. EDWARDS, Ltd., (Dept. 19), 464, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1. BRITISH MADE.

Knitted by Women in their Homes
MEN'S WOOLLEN SOCKS
Wool, and nothing but Wool
Heavyweight—Assorted Colours
4 PAIRS FOR ONLY 5/-
POST FREE
Easily Worth 2/- to 2/6 a pair.
Foot lengths: 10 in., 10½ in., 11 in., 11½ in. State length of foot when ordering.

Money returned willingly if not satisfied.
J. B. NORMAN,
62a, Radcliffe Buildings, London, E.C.1

BANKRUPT STOCK
ERICOL STAINLESS TANKARD. ½-pint.
5/6 Post free.
Two for 10/-, post free. (Reduced from 10/- each).

The Ericol Tankard is made in one piece without seam. It looks like silver and is an elegant ornament for the sideboard. GET ONE, you will treasure it.
A REAL MAN'S PRESENT AND LIFETIME FRIEND.
THE LIQUIDATOR
C. LEWIS FOUNDRY, LTD.,
6a, Stanhope Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W. 1.

Warranted 5 years. Warranted 5 years.
A Real Bargain.
LADIES' SOLID GOLD FILLED
Expanding Wristlet Watch. Latest Baroque Front design. Jewelled movement. Perfect timekeeper. Money returned if not satisfied. Limited number only. GET IT NOW. WORTH DOUBLE.

David Barbur and Co., Dept. J.B., 62, Victoria St., London, S.W.1.
17/6 Post free.

GOOD LUCK
COMES TO YOU
from the moment you possess the Ju-Ju Nigerian Amulet—the wonderful luck-bringer. Luck is something real which can't be explained. Thousands have turned Fortune's frown to a winning smile with Ju-Ju's magic, and delightfully write like this:
I have tried for ten years for prizes and I won a substantial prize last week. R.
Everything I have touched prospered. G.C., Gloucs.
Don't scoff! Have faith in the Ju-Ju and everything you touch will prosper. Make Ju-Ju your friend and misfortune will pass you by—good luck will attend you all the time.
Sterling Silver, 5s. } post
Set. Gold ... £1 } free
"Ju Ju worn to-day, your luck's in straightaway!"
JU-JU SOCIETY,
5, Imperial Bldgs., Westgate Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WATSON'S FURTHER SACRIFICE
Owing to the rebuilding of our premises in the near future and to avoid storing or removing our vast stocks we are making the following further sacrifice.
CHAUFFEUR'S BLUE MELTON OVERCOATS
Made of good hard wearing Melton. Tweed lined. Half belt button through. Deep storm collar to button up to the neck. Well made and finished. Postage 1/6 extra.
38/6
With Wind Cuffs 2/6 extra.
Also made in Fashionable Overcoat with half belt and Velvet Collar 38/6
Please state height and chest (over waistcoat) measurements.
Money returned in full if not satisfied
WATSON'S 12, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2
Open on Saturdays until 9 o'clock

30/-
Surprise Parcel
for £1 post free
A REAL BARGAIN
containing: 10 Nearly New Double-sided 10-inch Records (used a few times for demonstration purposes only). One good quality leatherette record album. One record cleaning pad. One box "Gem" needles. sample of "Glissoline" for preserving records, and 200 steel needles, medium tone.
ONLY A FEW PARCELS FOR DISPOSAL.
THE CABINET GRAMOPHONE CO., (Dept. J.B. 2), 339, Great College Street, Camden Town, London, N.W.1. North 2333.

A WINTER MODEL for 7/6
Balance by easy monthly payments.
Elegant model in all wool velour with long roll collar of Beaver or Mole Coney. Pin tucks trim the cuffs and stitched belt. Large ornamental buttons. Cosy and distinctive, obtainable in a variety of shades, only priced at 89/11.
Write for patterns and booklet, "Chic and Serviceable Modes."
ALL GOODS SENT ON RECEIPT OF FIRST PAYMENT
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. All garments made to measure.
LEACH & HARDY,
Dept. J.B., Brown Street, Manchester.

Buy direct from the Makers
CASEMENT CURTAINING
PATTERN BOOK POST FREE. Also Illustrated Catalogue of LACE CURTAINS.
SALE
WONDERFUL BARGAINS
Cream 6½D. Casement
Our pattern book contains actual qualities and designs of every class of curtaining including Insertal, Scalloped, Repp, Poplins, Fadeless, Mercerised and Cretonnes.
CASEMENT MANUFACTURING CO., 27, Alum Street, MANCHESTER.

A GREAT BARGAIN OFFER—
GAITER LEGGINGS
Ideal for Cycling, Walking the Garden, Farm, etc.
In Stout Fawn Twi Mackintosh, Adjustable Chrome Leather Straps and Buckles top and bottom. Side Lacing. Weigh 116 ins. Calf sizes, 12½, 13, 13½, 14 and 14½ ins. For women and men. Absolutely waterproof. Originally 12/6 Pair Post Rates, 1 pair, 9d. 2 pairs 9d., 6 pairs 1/-. 2/6
2,000 pairs already sold. Not one dissatisfied customer.
The SERVICE Co., Ltd.
273-274, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1.

Reliance Toy Balloons
FOR DANCE, CARNIVAL AND ADVERTISING.
Large, brilliant, pure Rubber Balloons. A powerful advertising medium for the business man, winning public interest, through joy of the child. Create happiness at all social functions. Send 2s. for sample collection of 1 Doz. balloons, assorted colours, post paid
RELIANCE RUBBER Co. Ltd.
212 & 213, Upper Thames Street, E.C.4.

100 Candle Power PIFCO 4 Hours for 1d.
Incandescent Gas Light
With Common Paraffin.
Safe & Simple, Just use a Match.
Beats Gas or Electric.
7 Days' Trial FREE.
Complete Lamp 30/-
Send no Money. Write for Catalogue.
PIFCO, Ltd.,
94, High St., MANCHESTER
Stocked in 37 different styles.

Free
IF YOU KNIT OR CROCHET
send for
DAHLIA'S FREE SAMPLES
and Prices of
Richards's "SYLVAN" Mercerised Silks.
Richards's "SULTO" Crepe Art Silks.
"CELANESE" Artificial Silks.
WOOLS.
Complete range of every shade. Select at your leisure and buy direct at Bradford prices from:
The DAHLIA TRADING CO., Dept. J.B. 200, Lumb Lane, BRADFORD.

May We Send You £5?

MANY clever efforts were received in our last Advertisement Competition. The first prize of £5 goes to Mrs. A. Barker, 7, Mid Wynd, Dundee, for:

(Ciro Pearls):—"Title attracts women. Photograph attracts men. Both are now interested and thinking about Christmas. Seasonable gift, reasonably priced, and pleasing to all."

The second prize of £1 goes to H. Hill, 11, St. Peter's Road, St. Albans, for:

(Pears' Soap):—"There is an elegance, an artistry, about 'Pears'—a Victorian touch—quiet and distinctive, that contrasts pleasantly and effectively with the aggressive modern style."

To 30 other competitors attractive consolation prizes have been sent.

Some "Don'ts" for competitors:

1. Don't be funny.
2. Don't flatter JOHN BULL.
3. Don't write poetry.
4. Don't write more than 24 words.
5. Don't write letters.
6. Don't use "doubles."

By sending *on a postcard, in not more than 24 words*, your idea of which is the best advertisement in JOHN BULL, and why, you can add either £5 or £1 to your Christmas Budget. Address to "Advertisement," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, to reach here not later than the first post, Wednesday, November 28. Fifty Consolation Prizes, value 5s. are also offered. Be sure YOU try this simple and interesting competition.

Snowball Watches

"JONES BROS. & COMPANY, London, Paris, New York, Watch Factors and Exporters, London Show Rooms and Offices, 43, Whitcomb Street, Haymarket, S.W." is a fine heading for note-paper, but a little experience of the methods of this concern soon takes the gilt off their watches.

It is the old snowball system of mail order trading, with a slight variation.

Jones Bros. & Company send out circulars, "Great Publicity Offer! For Two Weeks Only. A Three Guinea Watch for Three Shillings, Post Free." All you have to do is to send the money and promise to advertise the goods by distributing six coupons.

A reader who did so duly received the watch and duly distributed six coupons containing a similar offer among his friends. They, too, sent their money, but they did not receive watches. Instead they received six coupons each and were told that when these had been distributed, and Jones Bros. & Company had received all the orders, the watches would be delivered, but not before.

It needs little imagination to picture the last man trying in vain to dispose of six coupons in the hope of getting the watch he has paid for and finding that everyone else is in the same plight as himself!

Deal only with firms whose announcements carry the JOHN BULL Guarantee.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.

CORK LINO at the RIGHT PRICE.
SARTOLEUM
IS ALL BRITISH.
We are in a position to supply this perfect quality Cork Lino DIRECT at bargain prices.
CORK LINOS 2/9 per sq. yd.
SEND NO MONEY.
Write for Sartoleum Folder, which gives full range of FREE PATTERNS, also particulars of FREE GIFT. We can save you pounds
OIL CLOTHS 2/- per sq. yd.
FLOORCOVERINGS, Ltd. (Dept. 8)
Sartor House, Derby Street, CHEETHAM, MANCHESTER.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary prices. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 46, Thomas Street, Manchester.

£20/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 91, Houndsditch, London, E.2.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERS, Market-Men and Beginners. A postcard will bring you our free list of Remnants and Drapery.—Levy's, Ltd., 30a, Commercial Road, London, E.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 99, High Street, Manchester.

CRYING DOLLS, with real eyelashes. Beautiful Model Dressed Dolls that go to sleep. Character and undressed dolls. Wonderful value and variety. For £5 we will send you the best sample range it is possible for any expert to select at nearly pre-war prices. Carriage paid and case free. Will show you 60 per cent. profit.—Edward Jones, 5, Briggate, Leeds.

GAS Mantles at nearly pre-war prices. All guaranteed perfect. Upright or inverted. Sample dozens sent on receipt of 2s. Special prices for quantities.—Edward Jones, 5, Briggate, Leeds. Price list of other goods on application.

CHEAP New Timber. All sizes, c. pd. Country orders specialty. Small and large lots.—Stockholm Timber Co., Brisbane Street, Camberwell, S.E.5.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH
CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

AGENCY (Spare Time) offered to energetic and reliable men, regularly employed, to sell Drapery, Clothing, Boots, etc. Liberal commission. Cash or Easy payments.—(Dept. J.), Ashby, 38, Friar Lane, Leicester.

SPARE TIME AGENTS.—£4 weekly easily earned, either sex. Use up your spare minutes and add to your income. Splendid opportunity. Guaranteed genuine. Write at once.—Details, stamp, Leigh Supply Co., J.B.32, Hinckley, Leics.

WONDERFUL Christmas Invention, something new. Kwality line, most attractive, tremendous Xmas seller; excellent profits.—Write, Multy Mfg. Co., 14, City Road, E.C.1.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

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Suppose your grocer said, "This is a perfect all-round food, madam, costing only 8d.—these others are not such big packets: there is not so much food in them, and they are less nourishing—whilst they are dearer in price." Which packet would you buy? *Of course* you would have the first one—Shredded Wheat. Naturally you would not waste your money by buying any of the others.

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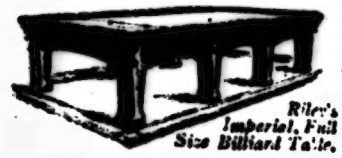

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The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

A New Grouping.

Lord Balfour expects the result of the Election will be a "stalemate," so that another Coalition may result. The tendency, in any case, is towards a combination of Tory and Moderate Liberal *v.* Labour and Advanced Liberal.

Keep Prices Down.

Work for all and cheap living—these are the two essential needs. The party shams that are being offered as substitutes cannot survive the test of the polling-booth if the voters think before they vote.

Nobody Loves Him.

Day by day Mr. Baldwin continues to be damned with a faint Press. He offers either too little or not enough! How he must be regretting the day he was cajoled into jettisoning "tranquillity" for what one of his own papers calls "a lop-sided Protectionist policy!"

No Cure.

No one can seriously pretend that Protection or Free Trade are even remotely connected with the problem of unemployment. By their failure to put forward adequate plans for solving that question the politicians stand self-condemned.

Plain Words Wanted.

Neither Mr. Asquith nor Mr. Lloyd George have any concrete proposals to recommend for the immediate relief of the unemployed. Fine words about Free Trade won't give them work. If the Liberals have a real policy, they are keeping it well hidden.

The Windmill.

Mr. Lloyd George says we need protection not against French goods but against French militarists. True, but he must have forgotten that the French militarists are largely his own creation. It is a little difficult to follow the rapid whirlings of such a mind.

Do You Remember?

In 1921 the bankers of the City of London said that the policy of trying to exclude the goods of other countries could not increase trade nor provide employment. In 1923 there is nothing to make their words untrue. If anything, they are truer now than when they were spoken.

An Opportunity.

Russia has lost her huge trade with Germany and there is an enormous market waiting for Britain, who manufactures all that Russia needs most. Free and unrestricted trade relations with Russia would do more to end unemployment than all the tariffs in the world.

Bad Tactics.

The Labour Party have thrown away thousands of votes by their foolish insistence on the Capital Levy. While they still pursue such mirages in the midst of economic chaos, the workers may well despair of their administrative ability.

Smash the Building Rings.

After unemployment, the big question of the moment is housing. Thousands of people are waiting to buy houses when the prices are reduced to a reasonable level. Yet the politicians are amazingly silent on the subject of building rings.

Thank You, My Lord!

Lord Birkenhead says that during the twelve months the Government have been in office there has been no sign of improvement in European affairs. That is exactly John Bull's case against the Government.

An Alternative.

The number of three-cornered contests will again result in many candidates being returned on a minority vote. How much better if, before deciding on an election, the Government had reformed the electoral system and instituted Proportional Representation.

Cold Facts.

For every £1 spent on education, £10 is spent on interest on War Loans: and we have not yet paid off all the debts on the Napoleonic wars. Will those who are wanting to add food taxes to this huge burden explain just how it is going to help the taxpayer?

Having It Both Ways.

Mr. Baldwin wants to keep out our foreign manufactured goods in order to help British industry, and he wants to admit them in order that he may use the revenue obtained by the tax to reduce the taxes on tea and sugar. The only snag is that it can't be done both ways at once!

A False Example.

Those who use America as an example of the blessings of tariffs are very short-sighted. They overlook the fact that America is a world in itself, and that between the individual States Free Trade reigns supreme.

An Obvious Bribe.

While Mr. Baldwin proposes to give the farmers £1 an acre for all arable land, the Committee of agricultural experts reports that 10s. an acre is adequate. Was there ever a more blatant attempt to bribe the voter with the taxpayers' money?

An Harassed Leader.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is proving himself a restrained advocate of the Labour programme. We cannot say the same for many of the wild and woolly headed revolutionaries that compose his motley following.

Dangerous Piffle.

Mr. Clynes says the Election will set class against class. This is the sort of frothy nonsense that makes us despair of Labour's "leaders."

Undignified.

With the country faced with desperate problems, we don't like the spectacle of politicians indulging in personal abuse and cheap jokes at one another's expense. The people expect practical policies seriously expounded.

Next Week.

In our next issue "A Gentleman With a Duster" will write an article entitled "How I Shall Vote." We hope his views will rub some of the dust out of the electors' eyes.

A Victory for Tact.

In the midst of so much international bungling it is something to the good that the Ambassadors' Conference has reached agreement on Allied military control in Germany. A serious crisis has thus been averted.

Still no Payment.

After arming half Europe, France has now lent Rumania a huge sum. It is time that a straight request was made for the repayment of that £600,000,000 she owes us. The pretence of poverty has worn altogether too thin.

Up She Goes Again.

If anyone can give us any adequate explanation of the rise in the price of flour—twice in a fortnight—we should like to hear it. It looks to us like sheer market rigging on someone's part. If bread follows suit, we shall not hesitate to call it robbery.

A New Dictator.

Mussolini has taken to dating his letters "Year 2" on the assumption that nothing really happened before he came to power. He would do well to remember that the last person who did that sort of thing ended his life on the guillotine.

Scotching a Lie.

We hold no brief for the Labour International, but we like the truth. The *Daily Mail* says it is governed by the German socialists. There are nine members of the executive—eight Englishmen and one Austrian. So that's that.

The Death Providers.

The Bishop of Durham is right when he says there will be no hope of peace so long as the manufacture of armaments by private firms is permitted. It is a hellish trade that should be taken once and for all out of the hands of vested interests.

Overdue Justice.

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have at last devised a scheme whereby no clergymen will receive less than £300 a year. It will remove a long-standing scandal from the Church.

Brighter London!

If the Empire Exhibition is to be a success, it is essential that the remnants of the "Dora" spirit shall be swept away. Let our visitors come to London and British freedom, freed from irritating and grandmotherly "control."

The Price of Fads.

Prohibition is costing America £4,000,000 for additional boats and personnel to prevent rum smuggling. That's the worst of cranks and faddists—they make the taxpayer pay through the nose for something he doesn't want.

Poof!

The British Fascisti say they are not "a swashbuckling concern, a Ku Klux Klan, nor any form of terrorism, or even a class movement." Ye gods! They don't seem to amount to very much, anyway.

Insulting Our Dead.

Sir P. Lloyd-Greame, in a Parliamentary paper, stated that earthenware models of the Cenotaph are being imported into this country from Germany. Could there be any greater insult to our glorious dead? We dare not say what we think of the denationalised money-grabbers who dare to deal in such things!

Time to Act.

One of the scandals of London's night life is the brazen manner in which coloured men with more money than sense of decency patrol the West End annoying respectable white women by their insulting overtures. What are the police doing? They have received plenty of complaints, but seemingly do not think it necessary to watch the plague spots indicated.

In Name Only.

That the name of Robert Gentleman, of Polmont, near Falkirk, is no indication of that worthy's character was made evident by his behaviour in a motor-'bus. After striking the driver with a walking-stick, he finished up by smashing a window of the conveyance. That Gentleman had taken a drop too much is no excuse for such hooliganism. Truly, a Gentleman who wasn't!

"A Heart of Gold."

It was a happy thought which prompted Lady Brabazon to forward a cheque for £5 for the benefit of Beatrice King, the poor Yorkshire servant-girl who was found sleeping in an open area in London, and of whom we told in our last issue. Lady Brabazon may rest assured that a girl such as Beatrice will make the most of this generous gift.

Coward'y Coon.

In proportion to their numbers, the coons of the Tottenham Court Road colony figure prominently on charge sheets. Clifford Grandison, who associated with Gladys Styles, who had the bad taste to have anything to do with men of another colour, lost his temper in the girl's bedroom and fired off a rifle. Her brother knocked the muzzle up and the coon missed and hit twelve months' hard labour. The country would be well shot of him.

The Dog!

Joseph Gibson, a farm labourer of Cockermouth, driving home quickly from the market, tied his poor little dog to the back of his trap with such a short piece of rope that it could not put its forefeet on the ground. The animal was dragged all the way on its hindquarters, and the local magistrates fined Gibson £3 for cruelty! A taste of what the dog suffered is what we should have given to the man.

Opium Dreams.

Chow You, a Chinaman, was one of three who had a laundry at 115, White Abbey Road, Bradford. An opium den, it really was, with stocks of the drug hidden beneath the loose boards of the floor. Though they were threatened, the police explored the secrets of the den, and Chow has gone for three months to a place where there is no opium smoking. But why was his deportation not ordered?

"Lay Him Out!"

Hooliganism among leading players seems to be becoming unduly common in the higher football circles of Scotland, for in First League football three more players were given marching orders for misconduct the other Saturday. There must be some explanation for these exceptional occurrences in a country so famed for its sportsmanlike spirit. The root of the evil lies in a combination of war nerves, among spectators and players alike, and weak refereeing.

Woman's Wit.

Miss I. Thompson, of the London County Council School for the deaf at Clerkenwell, is a teacher who takes a genuine interest in her work. She has invented a remarkable device by means of which a deaf child, by watching the flickering of a controlled flame of gas, can become aware whether the sounds he is being taught to utter correspond with those made with his teacher's voice. Miss Thompson's ingenuity must meet with the recognition it deserves.

Nursemaid Heroine.

With cruel flames burning the life out of her, a nursemaid aged fifteen did not utter a cry—she did not want to waken the tiny tots sleeping in their cots. She died in hospital. Lilian McInnes was as heroic as the noble men who stood on the sinking *Birkenhead*. Her unselfish deed of valour was performed in prosaic Tower Bridge Road, London, but the splendour of it is worthy of inscription on the roll of fame.

"Home, Sweet—Pigsty!"

Unable to find any other roof to cover their heads, a Tredegar miner, his wife, and their young children have been compelled to share a two-stall pigsty with some pigs. The family lives in one stall and the pigs in the other, with only a wooden partition between them. No vote should be cast for a candidate, no matter what his party, who is not out, heart and soul, to end this awful housing muddle.

The Blue Boys.

Is it true that ex-Service men patients at the Mill Road Hospital, Liverpool, are being scandalously treated? It is alleged that food which is unfit for healthy men and unsuitable for invalids is being served to them, and that they are being treated, not as the heroes they were in the War, but as paupers. These serious complaints require to be investigated without delay. Liverpool's honour is at stake.

Worse than a Beast.

At an inquest on Edith Back, a cripple girl who died of neglect at Lynn, it transpired that her father, who lived in the same house, had not troubled to see his child for a month before she died. The Coroner disallowed the father's expenses as an expression of opinion regarding this shocking neglect. He might have expressed himself much more forcibly. Even a wild beast would have shown more consideration for its young.

Wisdom Down Under.

Walter Thomas Gilham, of Eastling, Kent, should consider himself lucky he does not live in New Zealand. He was sentenced at Faversham Police Court to a month's imprisonment for indecently assaulting a seven-year-old child. Mr. Justice Herdman, at Auckland, N.Z., recently condemned a man to ten years' hard labour and a flogging for a similar offence. There are some things they do better "down under."

Malcolm's Mercy.

That Sheriff Malcolm, of Dundee, is a judge with a big heart was evidenced when Joseph Hamish Hunt, a starving labourer, was charged with stealing 4s. 6d. from the gas-meter of a house of a relative. The Sheriff suggested that Hunt was acting under the strong urge of hunger when he committed the theft, and, stretching a point, he dismissed him with an admonition. Some of our magistrates might, with advantage, take a leaf out of Sheriff Malcolm's book.

A Wee Hero.

Two little Selby boys, Bernard and Jimmy Calpin, aged four and five respectively, were coming from school when they got between a motor and its trailer just as the driver prepared to start. A woman screamed and collapsed, and the driver pulled up, but not before his wagon had passed over. But Bernard, the elder, had the presence of mind to thrust his small brother clear of the wheels. "I pushed Jimmy from under . . ." he gasped out—then died. What a man of mettle Bernard would have made.

Throwing Money About.

We wonder how landed proprietors in Perthshire are able to pay the generous wages they grant to workers on their estates. The case of a woman engaged by a laird, not a hundred miles from Blairgowrie, has just been brought to our notice. The estate owner has to keep going four motor-cars and a large staff of house servants and gardeners, yet he lavishes on the bothy housekeeper the wage of 18s. per week, the lucky woman merely having to pay for food, clothing and insurance from this munificent sum. What generosity!

The Boy in the Bath.

Attendants at Maidstone Corporation swimming baths want pushing in to wake them up. Alfred Every, thirteen, went to the bottom and stopped there for half-an-hour or so before another bather found there was a corpse in the water. Such occurrences must not be. What are the Corporation doing to prevent further deaths?

The First Step to Crime.

Thirty-five years ago James Bell started on his career of crime, and now, at the age of 60, he has been sentenced by the West Riding Sessions to three years' penal servitude for larceny and five years' preventive detention for being an habitual criminal. Thirty-five years! What a life! And perhaps his first offence was one that might have been overlooked. What a responsibility rests with magistrates!

Hides and Hidings.

Walter William George Bartlett, a hulking brute who battered a woman who asked him the way in a wood at Bournemouth, is due for twenty lashes with the cat and fifteen months in jail. He snatched the woman's handbag and smashed at her face with all his might with his cowardly fist. We hope the warder who wields the whip lays it on with a will to give this coward something to yell about!

Behind the Curtains.

As well as being an official of a society connected with the South Broughton Synagogue, Sam Seidman has been proprietor of a hairdressing and "manicure" establishment at the old Palatine Buildings, Victoria Street, Manchester. Now he is spending a few months in Strangeways jail, where "lady assistants" do not carry on with customers in cubicles behind pinned curtains. Which will be a beneficial change for Sam.

A Wasted Life.

Young Greenwood, of Redcar, is a heartless jilt, and lacks the stuff of which true lovers are made. He courted and soon won the love of pretty Myra Annie Skinner, of Queen's Terrace, but when his parents opposed the match he threw her off as easily as he would a worn glove. Broken-hearted, the girl took her life, and the coroner said that the responsibility for her death rested on Greenwood's conscience. It cannot be an easy one.

A Candidate for Hell.

When the lorry of Samuel Rennie, a young carter of Glasgow, became stuck in a soft part of the road, and the horse was unable to pull it out, the brutal Rennie beat the animal so severely with an iron pipe that he fractured one of its legs. Then, after unyoking the poor sufferer, he obtained another horse and left the injured one standing in its agony for two hours. The Glasgow Court awarded this inhuman hound sixty days' imprisonment, and well he deserves the punishment.

A "Nearly Dead" Donkey.

One of the things which no man has ever seen, according to Dickens, is a dead donkey. George Staples and Ernest Howe, of Carbrook, did their damnedest to supply the deficiency when they purchased one of these long-suffering animals for 5s. and proceeded to work it, though it had only three legs to walk on. One of them said it had a good top, so he did not bother about the legs. For their shocking cruelty they were each fined 7s. 6d. at the West Riding Police Court. It seem to us there must have been dead-hearted donkeys on the Bench.

Give Us Homes!

In a case in which a newly married couple asked for possession of a house occupied by a man and his wife and five children, Judge Cluer said he did not think it was unreasonable to ask a man to leave just because he had a large family. That is a matter on which there may be two opinions, but the judge tempered the wind to the lambs by allowing the family sixteen weeks in which to move. It is a pity County Court Judges do not report such cases to the Ministry of Health, which seems to have gone to sleep over its housing proposals. What is wanted is more homes.

A Wastrel on Wheels.

There is a human pest cycling about the streets of Glasgow whose delight it is to ruin women's clothing by squirting corrosive liquid at his victims as he passes. When he tires of this amusement, he carries with him a supply of stones, which he hurls at passers-by as he scorches past. We trust an early puncture will throw into the hands of the police this maniac of the highway.

Killing the Goose.

Heavy taxation, decreased income, and the greatly increased cost of living were the reasons put forward in the will of the late Mr. Richard Burlingham, of Evesham, for being unable to make such gifts as he had hoped and intended. Perhaps the next Chancellor of the Exchequer will realise that heavy taxation is not only slowly but surely strangling the goose that lays the golden eggs for the Treasury, but also inflicting very serious losses upon all charitable organisations.

The Fire Fiend Again.

You never know in what guise it will come. The scene of its latest prank is the Rotherfield Garage, Sussex. Mr. Hill-Heywood, the proprietor, was cranking his car when it back-fired, set the car ablaze and burned his house down. And once more JOHN BULL thwarts the fire demon by sending a cheque for £175 to the wife, who had taken the precaution to become a registered reader. The moral is obvious.

The Black Sheep.

The Rev. Evan Francis, chaplain of the Medway Union Workhouse, Chatham, is the kind of chaplain we can do well without. Following a Ministry of Health inquiry into complaints that he had neglected his duties to the dying, that he had never been known to offer a prayer for a sick or dying person, and that he had treated the members and nursing staff with discourtesy, Francis has been called on by the Ministry to resign. A good job, too!

Open Graves.

A shocking state of affairs obtains at the Hammersmith Cemetery. For years the remains of pauper children have been buried in ground at the rear of Margravine Gardens. The procedure has been that public graves such as these must remain open until the quota of eight coffins to each grave is complete. And one grave has been open for more than a year! We demand that this scandal should be stopped.

Trouble in the Tank Corps.

The 3rd Batt. Royal Tank Corps, stationed at Lydd, were promised that married quarters would be provided by October last. At the present time we know of soldiers' families occupying two rooms at rentals of 10s. a week and providing their own fuel and light. They are allowed 7s. a week, but if the powers-that-be had carried out their undertaking these families would be comfortably housed at 7s. a week with fuel and light free.

Shortsighted Parsimony.

Towns looking to Falmouth for a lead in solving the unemployment trouble are like to suffer severe disappointment, unless coming Parliamentarians take the scheme in hand. It was proposed to construct tidal basins, graving docks, and quays on the eastern shore that would not only accommodate the largest liners, but also resuscitate Cornish china clay trade. Governmental aid in the form of money has been denied. Cornishmen must see that this fine scheme does not drop useless.

High-handed and Low-minded.

James Kean, a disabled ex-soldier, had to walk the streets at midnight with his seven children, owing to the cold-hearted action of Mrs. Segal, Arthur Road, Tottenham, from whom he had rented two unfurnished rooms. Mrs. Segal, with the help of her husband and another man, threw Kean's furniture out into the street, and the old soldier and his kiddies—one of whom had measles—had to seek shelter elsewhere. No wonder Judge Crawford, at the Edmonton County Court, described the ejectment as "high-handed" and awarded Kean £5 damages.

Brummagem Bamboozle.

Madame Fletcher, of Rosevale, Penns Lane, Erdington, Birmingham, advertises a "free reading" and sends applicants a cyclostyled sheet of balderdash concerning their future, together with offers of predictions at varying prices. The Birmingham police must know the law with regard to pretending to tell fortunes, and we are surprised that they do not prosecute this woman.

Sea Breezes.

The five Arabic firemen who landed in Liverpool from the *Baltic* have had more than their share of sea breezes, having crossed the Atlantic three times within a very short period. They originally arrived at Liverpool in the steamer *Asian*, but were refused entry into this country on the ground that they were not British seamen. On returning to America, the U.S. officials at Boston also refused to let them land, and back to England they came again. What is going to happen now?

Efficiency.

The police force of Portsmouth provides an exception to the rule that the men in blue always turn up an hour after a crime has been perpetrated. The borough plate kept in the Banqueting Room of the Town Hall was being taken from its case for inspection, when a breathless policeman rushed in to effect an arrest. The iron case, it appears, is fitted with a burglar alarm which gives warning in the police-station near by. Although Robert's mission was in vain, it indicates the promptitude with which such matters are dealt with in Portsmouth.

Problems of Life.

ON MEETING TROUBLE

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A JOHN BULL reader sends me a moving story of persistent ill-luck which is probably that of thousands more in these hard times. It is the personal history of a middle-aged brother and sister who have been fighting a losing battle for years against the increasing pressure of ill-health and unforeseen misfortune.

After every successive disaster they have pluckily started again in a new line, but something has always happened to blight their prospects, in spite of their desperate struggles to hold their own.

Now the shadows of evening are closing down on them and they begin to lose heart and to feel the terror of the final ruin clutching at their vitals.

Some of the best people in the world find themselves in like case to-day.

How many there are who live their lives under a cloud that never lifts!

They rise in the morning with a burden on their hearts, and retire with it at night.

A spirit of heaviness accompanies them wherever they go, little though they may show it to thier associates.

They never know what it is to be free from care or to abandon themselves to enjoyment: when they laugh with others, the silent spectre at their side will not allow them to forget his presence.

This is a wrong way to live, and no one should be subject to it.

Bracing oneself up to endure is not enough: it is like relying on tonics; in time the jaded system refuses to respond.

Resolution, steeling the will to encounter odds, has its limits: it will snap under too great a strain.

A truer remedy lies in detachment, in realising that life is bigger than to-day's problem.

Relax the tension; learn the liberating truth that happiness is not dependent upon events, but upon our reaction to them; and the star of hope will once more shine upon your path.

Cruel Thoughtlessness.

There is no sentiment in business, of course—only per-centiment—but employers might at least exhibit a little thoughtfulness. When an applicant for an advertised job encloses stamp for a reply, it is usually done at considerable cost, for 1½d. means a lot to a starving man. In most cases no notice is taken of the request for a reply, and the applicant is left sick with deferred hope and the loser of stamp money that means food. Want of thought is as painful as want of heart.

Owing Nothing.

"£4 Weekly Extra Income" is the lure held out to seekers after homework by A. Butcher, of Vernon Street, Cheetham, Manchester, who sends applicants a request for 2s. 6d. for instructions, explaining that his full charge is 10s., but that he will trust to them to remit the balance when they have made a satisfactory profit. Further, if they do not make at least £50 profit in the first three months, they owe him nothing. We warrant there are few who owe him much, after sending him half-a-crown.

The Silver Lining.

"Silvene and Company" and "Silver and Company," Sheffield, are the aliases of the Lancashire mug-finder, James Edge, Grantham Street, Mill Hill, Blackburn. In many towns he has been doing well with a concoction he pretended would make cutlery like "stainless." The day after it had been applied the cutlery turned green. The stuff probably cost Edge a penny, and he sold it at 2s.—big profits, which have been reduced by the £10 fine he has had to pay at Church for obtaining money by false pretences.

Mean Moneylenders.

"Mean" but feebly describes the methods of J. Marsh, Ltd., the Jermyn Street moneylenders, who, notwithstanding great profession of the strictest secrecy in all their dealings, send out circulars in ½d. stamped unsealed envelopes to struggling country sub-postmasters. It can easily be understood what injury might be done to a working man through village gossip if it became known that he was receiving communications from moneylenders. The best plan is to return the circulars to J. Marsh, Ltd., with no stamp at all.

The Widow Cheated.

William Kennedy, of William Street, Gowcaddens, is a swindler whom it would be well to watch when he comes from prison. After first selling his confectionery business to a local widow, who surrendered her life savings as payment, he parted with everything removable to a second purchaser and then decamped to lead a life of luxury in Aberdeen, Belfast and London, leaving the poor widow nothing but four bare walls and a roof for her money. Kennedy is deservingly cooling his heels for sixty days after his extensive travels.

A Cruel Fine.

James Henry Mead, a photographer of Bath, chose a highly original form of amusement. Representing himself as an Excise officer, he called at public houses, and after examining the books initialled them after pointing out certain omissions. He made no attempt to extort money. When it is learned that Mead was blown up in France, buried up to the neck for eight hours, and still suffers from freakishness due to shell-shock, the fine of £6 and costs imposed by the Bath Bench of magistrates can only be characterised as excessive.

An Appeal.

"Very dear Sir! Please dear Sir—we have a favour to beg of you. We see in Berlin a great darkness and sickness! In the nights we see many thousands of poor girls with a sick body. We must love. We wine. You are a wise man. With a little love, with a banknote we can do many things!" Thus a circular from M. Zimmermann, Berlin, Lichtenberg, Wilhelmstr, 6a, who appears to be begging for money for some sort of German mission. Either he must learn English or we must learn German before we can hope to understand what it is all about.

Orphans in the Shade

"WHEN in doubt, play orphans," appears to be the new motto of mug hunters.

Recently we exposed the trick of an obscure agency which was collecting fees by Telling a Tale of a couple of golden grass orphans whose upbringing and education had been committed to its care by their globe-trotting parents.

Now we have the bereaved little people with an inheritance of considerable magnitude, left in charge of an executor whose one desire is to realise their legacy with the utmost speed and economy.

Such is the impression conveyed by an individual calling himself Charles Eversley, who writes from an address in Manchester Square, London, W., something as follows:

"DEAR SIR,

"I have to liquidate an estate—for a family of young orphans—which comprises 'inter alia' 250 shares in the —— —— Co., in which company I understand you are likewise a shareholder.

"With a view to realise as economically as possible, by avoiding unnecessary fees and commissions, I offer you this block of shares or any lesser number, with free transfer and any ensuing dividends, at £—— per share (slightly below present market price) as a concession in order to effect a rapid transaction.

"Should you be disposed to acquire these shares, please send your cheque for the numbers you desire to purchase, and I will forward you the transfer forms for your signature, and upon its return to me, will lodge same together with the share certificate for final transfer to your name."

The amazing thing about this letter is that the shares mentioned are well-known industrial securities such as "Imperial Tobacco Company, Great Britain and Ireland, Ltd.," "Fine Cotton Spinners Co., Ltd.," and others, the owners of which would not dream for a moment of parting with, below the market quotations. Yet this liquidator, executor, or whatever he may be, offers them considerably below the Stock Exchange rate! He must be either a lunatic or a swindler.

They have been broadcasted in hundreds, if not thousands—a fine economy in postage!—and for the information of the curious we may mention that the premises occupied by "Charles Eversley" are rooms over a tradesman's shop, and that that gentleman has not been long in the locality.

We fear the "orphans" will find themselves very much in the shade if this incompetent trickster finds any fools to send him cheques.

We should like to know what would happen if anyone sent a cheque for payment through his bankers only against delivery of the shares, or, better still, sent a telegram "Bought shares. Cheque awaits delivery. Please sell at market rate and remit balance!"

Filmy Heroes and Flimsy Villains

WHO has not felt the lure of the silver screen? Who has not longed to play the film hero rescuing the millionaire's daughter from the blazing building and covering her face with saccharine kisses? Here is your dream come true—at a price!

WOULD you like to act for the films? Has it occurred to you that it would be very exhilarating to see yourself on the screen, playing the deuce with the villain, or acting as the dashing hero who saves the rose-and-white heroine from certain death?

Would you like to watch yourself looking like the handsome fellow you are not (under your grease paint and enamel), jumping bravely from a burning aeroplane on to the railboard of a train that is rushing along below at hundreds and hundreds of miles an hour?

Would you like to be a Mary Pickford, and sun yourself in the admiration of the five continents? If you would really care for this kind of exciting career you may be tempted to try to reach it through the kind office of a man named Sydney Webber Northcote who is at present honouring Jersey with his presence.

So if you are stage-struck go to Northcote. He is the very man to encourage you. He will fix you up with frills and ruffles and the nice conduct of a clouded cane in a seventeenth-century costume play. Or he will show you how to enact the part of a gunman from the wild and woolly west, with fringed trousers, open-necked red shirt, a big sombrero hat and terrifying dexterity at shooting the ace out of a pack of cards at twenty yards.

In return for this gratification of your vanity he will accept your money for investment in the film. That is the handsome part of the transaction. You not only have the wonderful chance of becoming a really great actor but also a magnate of the film industry.

Many people we know have lots to thank him for. There is, for example, a Mr. Greenwood, of Crewe, who invested nearly £4,000 to help Northcote to produce a film in Madeira. He and Northcote and a party of nine artistes went out there because the light was so beautiful. Northcote's wife played the heroine, but Northcote himself seems to have confined his activities to playing ducks and drakes with the finances.

In any case, when the film was completed the utmost difficulty was found in putting it on the market and Mr. Greenwood is still waiting to get some return for the four thousand pounds he invested. The name of the film was to be called "Nan's Sacrifice," which Mr. Greenwood may legitimately suppose to be scarcely quite fair to the sacrifice he had been induced to make.

Then, among a large number of other people who are wild with enthusiasm over the kindness and generosity of Mr. Northcote, there is a young fellow who had a job as a barman. He had saved fifty pounds and was induced to invest it with Northcote, who employed him as an assistant camera-man. Perhaps he thought the new investor would make an admirable bar-tender in one of those American saloon scenes where the Bad Man from Oklahama or Oshkosh sits on a barrel and swings his legs and starts shooting things up because the hero won't drink with him.

The investor brought his young lady from Manchester and the Northcotes very kindly employed her as a maid, not for the films but for the family. But the end of the story was the same as in Mr. Greenwood's case—the money went west.

Northcote has a disagreeable habit of not paying his hotel bills. He did this quite recently at Bournemouth in whose pine-scented woods he hoped to stage a film that would be a lasting glory of the British kinema industry.

From Bournemouth he went to Swanage, from which the usual sheaf of inquiries came to us. As the result of the information we supplied, the police took action and Mr. Northcote went to jail for three months for obtaining credit without disclosing the unpleasant but essential fact that he was an undischarged bankrupt. This may help him to stage a realistic jail scene if and when he succeeds in completing another screen production.

He is no mean actor himself. The other day, after he had come out of prison, a kinema photographer waited upon him in the belief that he was going to see a gentleman called Rawlins. When he arrived at a flat in Brixton he found Northcote there, who was not able to act the part of Rawlins as successfully and as realistically as he had hoped, as his visitor had known him for years.

Now we are receiving urgent inquiries from Jersey in regard to Northcote who is making things hum there. He is described as a film producer. From what we know of him it is an exaggerated description.

A reader, by chance, met Northcote in a St. Heliers shop trying to induce a lady to invest £50. This reader told the lady to wire to us. She did. Her money is still safe.

We have no desire to prevent him from making Jersey historic in the film world. But we think that those who may feel tempted to invest money with him in order to take part in making films and history, ought to consider whether Northcote's past record is really an inducement to them to hand over their money.

That is why we have told this little story.

Shylock of Bond Street

WHEN a judge on the bench says that he does not believe moneylenders' advertisements he is giving a tip to less eminent people that they might well pay him the compliment of taking.

That was the remark made by Mr. Justice Rowlatt in a case in which Mr. Harold Walter Howard, a moneylender of 6, Old Bond Street, W., sought to recover money in connection with a moneylending transaction.

We have already advised our readers not to go to Howard for financial accommodation, and are glad to see that our comments have had this sequel of judicial protest.

We know in one instance that a man went to Howard, who had approached him unsolicited, and said he wanted £200 for six or twelve months at not more than twenty-five per cent. Mr. Howard wanted to lend him one hundred and fifty pounds and to be paid back two hundred pounds by four equal monthly instalments of fifty pounds.

This generous offer would have meant that the moneylender would have got fifty pounds for risking one hundred and fifty, and the borrower would have had to pay interest at something like two hundred per cent. He went to a solicitor instead, and got the money at five and a half per cent.

In the case before Mr. Justice Rowlatt, Howard had lent three hundred pounds for which he demanded four hundred and fifty by fortnightly instalments of thirty pounds. There was default on the second instalment and the whole balance then became immediately due.

The defendants paid the whole of the three hundred pounds and offered fifty pounds as interest. It was refused. Counsel said that having regard to the default, the interest charged by Howard worked out at about two thousand per cent.

In the light of this story we quote the advertisement issued by Howard:

"Why go to your banker and suffer the indignity of a refusal? The well-known financial house of H. W. Howard is the long-sought-for link between banker and moneylender. By going to this house of standing and reputation you can obtain a loan without security, without a guarantee, and at an interest slightly higher than charged at the bank but considerably lower than that exacted by present-day moneylenders."

If two thousand per cent. is slightly higher than the usual bank charge, and slightly lower than the usual moneylender's charge, then there is justification for the cynic who said that there were three kinds of liars, namely, lies, damned lies and statistics!

It seems useless to warn readers against moneylenders, and the moneylenders seem to know it.

Amazing White Slave Revelations

TRAFFIC in the bodies and souls of young girls is still going on in the very heart of London. We direct the attention of Scotland Yard to this appalling state of affairs and demand instant action.

ONE of the first fruits of international police co-operation is the series of arrests which have been made in various countries of the despicable and degrading people who live on the white slave traffic. Strangely enough, London has not contributed its quota in the punishment of this particularly odious form of rascality.

Why? It is not to be supposed that London is immune from the attentions of the criminals like those who have recently been arrested on a wholesale scale in Cairo, Brussels and Paris.

As a matter of fact, the white slave traffic is rampant in London and nearly as bad as it was in the early days of the war. The police are at present watching a number of flats in the West End, particularly in the Piccadilly and Oxford Street districts. That is well known to the white slave traders. A recent case at Bow Street in which a Frenchwoman was ordered for deportation has scared the traffickers in vice. But the police cannot rely upon them to reform. It is the last thing they have any intention to do.

In order to assist Scotland Yard we desire to direct its attention to a particularly nauseous rascal named Joseph Swinson, who is of German parentage, but was born in Soho, and cannot therefore be deported. For years this greedy parasite has lived upon the earnings of unfortunate women, and lived well. He had a number of girls working for him in London, and he used to take for them flats which were used for immoral purposes, the greater proportion of the profits going to himself.

London got too hot for him and he transferred his activities to Glasgow, where he lived in great style, with a small coterie of girls bringing him money from the rich men whom it was their business to vamp. In Swinson's house in Sauchiehall Street the most obscene and bestial affairs took place until something happened and the place was raided by the police.

Swinson and his wife, an evil woman who shared his infamy, got three months each. But more important than the inadequate punishment of this degraded pair is the fact that in the raid the Glasgow police found a number of documents, one of which was a list of agents in the white slave traffic, and another a list of customers and clients and accounts of the disreputable Swinsons.

In ordinary circumstances these lists would be returned to Swinson when he comes out of jail as personal and private property. This is absurd. There ought to be no personal and private property in matters which are clearly against public policy and public safety. Scotland Yard should get in touch with the Glasgow police and collect all the information they can about this sordid pair and their malevolent activities. Swinson was a constant traveller between Glasgow, London and the Continental cities, where the headquarters of the white slave traffic are situated. If his associates in Soho are carefully watched many unhappy girls will be saved from an appalling fate.

Then there are two women of French nationality, living almost within a stone's throw of Buckingham Palace, carrying on a profitable traffic in the bodies and the souls of young girls. These two harpies are sisters who have lost all respect for family life and have become completely predatory, importing into this country the most degraded vices and malpractices of the underworld of Mont Parnasse and Montmartre. Their address is in our possession.

Other male and female parasites, afraid that West End flats with evil reputations may be raided now that the police are watching them, are concentrating on the manicure and "massage" business, which they use as a cover for profitable vice. The same appalling trade is carried on in several provincial cities, notably in Manchester.

Some time ago we called upon Sir Robert Peacock, the elderly Chief Constable of Manchester, either to cope with the vice practised in his territory or to retire. He has apparently chosen the former alternative, and the Manchester police have raided several bogus toilet saloons in that city. In the case of a man named Key, who was sent to jail, the evidence was that the girls he employed as manicurists used to take customers, on his instructions, into curtained cubicles and there told not to bother about manicuring, but to make other use of the time and place. The country would be well rid of a rascal like this.

The same thing is going on in the West End of London on a greater scale and with a higher range of fees and profits. We desire to warn young women not to take employment in manicure saloons until they have made careful inquiries into the character of the owners and managers.

One of the most notorious of these places is at Charing Cross; another is at Maida Vale; and another at Paddington, where, when a customer enters, the practice is to give him his choice of several young women. He selects the one he wants, pays his money, and gets the use of the scented and heavily curtained apartment.

That is why we tell Scotland Yard not to restrict their observation to flats in Piccadilly and Oxford Street, but to realise that the white slave traffickers are aware of their attention, and are seeking more obscure methods of baffling them. And they will succeed if further and more complete investigations are not made without delay.

Altogether—But Not Quite!

A CASE which has just occurred in the Devon County Court ought to be carefully considered by working people who are invited to join insurance societies.

A working man named Richard Warren paid sixpence a week, by quarterly payments of seven shillings, for five years to the Altogether Builders', Workers' and Constructional Labourers' Society of Woolwich.

During most of that time he was out of work through no fault of his own, and his wife and daughters stinted themselves to pay.

The unfortunate man died on October 3, 1922. His wife applied to the society for the sum of £8, the amount of the policy for which the contributions had been paid. The society refused to pay on the ground that the contributions were in arrears.

What happened was that the quarterly instalment of seven shillings was sent on September 2, but it was not received until September 16, owing to a change in the society's address of which Warren had not been notified.

On September 3, therefore, Warren was technically thirteen weeks behind in his contributions, though they had actually been sent to the only address he knew. By the rules a member who is in arrears for more than nine weeks is out of benefit for a month and Warren although he had sent his contribution, was out of benefit for a month, and within that month he died.

If this contribution had been sent to the right address, which it was the Society's fault, and not his, that he did not know, he would have been in benefit and his widow would have got the money towards burying him.

The judge said that, on the merits, the Altogether Society had no possible defence to the claim but relied on a technicality in the rules. He added that he could not understand how a society of that character or a trade union could raise an objection to defeat a just claim. Neither can we.

It seems that when a society of this kind is registered under the Trade Union Act, no action can be brought to enforce the payment of benefit to its members.

He could not give a verdict to this widow making a just claim. But gave judgment for the defendant without costs.

We think we are entitled to ask whether the members of this society approve of the narrow interpretation put upon its rules by their officials.

We wonder also whether trade unionists agree that the Trade Union Act passed for their protection ought to be pleaded to deprive widows and orphans of a few pounds due to them.

Preying on the Thrifty

AMONG traps for the thrifty against which we deem it our duty to warn our readers is the British House Purchase and Investment Corporation, Ltd., of 32, The Crescent, Salford, Manchester.

The operations of this concern are of a familiar character. "Buy Your Own House" is the slogan, and the thrifty poor are invited to do so by becoming certificate-holders in the Corporation, for which they pay a monthly subscription in anticipation of receiving an advance wherewith to purchase property.

A single example will suffice to show how the trap works.

A Manchester woman, after paying 13s. a month for four years, applied for an advance, and was informed that she was entitled to 95 per cent. of the purchase price of a suitable house.

She accordingly found a property, the purchase price of which was fixed at £300, and was told that the purchase could be completed after certain formalities, which included the payment of £2 12s. 6d. valuer's fee. This she paid, but instead of the purchase money being forthcoming, a director of the concern called and informed her that the property was not considered worth the price asked, and that unless she herself could find £160, the matter could not proceed.

The true valuation of the house may be gauged by the fact that the £300 asked for it was obtained without difficulty elsewhere.

Disappointed in her dealings with this corporation of fair promises and false performance, the woman asked for the return of the £34 she had paid. She has been asking in vain for nearly a year, and to-day appears to be no nearer obtaining it.

We are not surprised at her disappointment when we consider the record of the directors of the British House Purchase and Investment Corporation, Ltd.

Some four years ago they took over the management of the United National Friendly Assurance Collecting Society, the shameful swindle which in thirteen years collected upwards of £100,000 from unsuspecting subscribers, and spent over £80,000 in management expenses, distributing less than a third in benefits.

At the time they took it over the Society was hopelessly insolvent, but these directors continued to issue policies and receive premiums in circumstances which the Government Inspector, appointed to investigate the Society's affairs, has now characterised as tantamount to fraud.

We may hope that those responsible for the frauds in connection with the business of the United National Friendly Assurance Collecting Society will quickly be brought to justice. In the meantime, those who have been paying money month by month for certificates of the British House Purchase and Investment Corporation, Ltd., may well ask themselves whether those documents are worth the paper they are printed on.

When Eve Sells Petrol

WE have received several enquiries regarding the Scarsdale Petroleum Company, Inc., a concern apparently established under the laws of the State of Delaware, U.S.A.

A copy of what purports to be a prospectus has come into our hands and shows that the capital is 10,000,000 dollars, divided into 2,000,000 shares of five dollars each, 800,000 of which are being offered for subscription at par. An option is stated to have been acquired on fifty acres of land at Queenborough in Kent, with a view to marketing illimitable supplies of petrol in this country, the bait offered to subscribers being that they are entitled to have any quantity of petrol delivered to their premises at 4d. per gallon cheaper than the current market price.

Mr. Charles Shade, described as of the First National Bank, Rock Rapids, Ohio, and Mr. J. L. Parsons, Vice-President, Chemical National Bank, New York, are, we take it, the promoters of the scheme. Their names, together with eight others, are typewritten on the front page of the prospectus. The first two of these eight are Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and Lord Wemyss.

Being curious concerning the association of these noblemen with such a prospectus, we communicated with them and have received from Lord Montagu a note to the effect that although he was asked to become a director, he replied that he could not see his way to act. From Lord Wemyss we have a letter which says, "To the best of my belief I have never before heard of the company you refer to, nor can I remember being invited to become a director of any such company."

In these circumstances we have not troubled to communicate with the owners of the other names on the prospectus, but may mention, in case they agree to avow or deny association with this Delaware concern, that they are Mr. G. P. Dewhurst, of Williams Deacons Bank, Chairman; Mr. G. R. T. Taylor, of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway Co., Mr. A. S. Collard, of the Liverpool Marine Assurance Co., Mr. H. Becker, M.P., Richmond, Sir T. Pile, Baronet, late Vice-Chairman, L.G. Omnibus Company, and Captain Jaffray, J.P.

The prospectus does not contain the names of bankers, solicitors, brokers, auditors, or secretary, and there is no address from which it emanates. We understand, however, that a lady has been endeavouring to place shares in the Scarsdale Petroleum Company. Her name is Mrs. McMillan, and her address is: "Gwysa," Pwllheli.

We are informed that she has a pronounced American accent.

We may have something further to say with regard to the Scarsdale Petroleum Company, Inc., but we have said sufficient to warn readers.

Poison for the People

THE disclosures we have made regarding poison in foodstuffs are meeting with success. Already a more careful supervision is being made, and health inspectors are acting on our advice. But the public are not yet out of danger.

OUR recent articles on food-poisoning have aroused considerable interest and discussion, and we are glad to hear that the health inspectors are very active now in their enquiries.

One grocer has told us that they are specially interested in the potted and tinned meats we have been writing about, and he notices that even poor women are much keener than they were about the names of the firms on the labels.

Tons of ready-made Christmas puddings are in the making, or already on sale for inclusion in cheap Christmas hampers or for overseas gifts. One could not expect machine-manufactured puddings, made in great bulk, to approach in goodness or nutritive qualities the home-made article, but neither in ingredients nor methods of preparation can all these seasonable dainties be said to be sound.

For the cheaper class the formula remains as it was when used for the tons upon tons of disappointing puddings despatched to France in the War years—soaked bread, liquid eggs, molasses, cotton-seed oil and re-dressed mouldy currants.

Before sending puddings of this type as Christmas gifts a test should be made by re-boiling a small specimen. In nine cases out of ten the peculiar smell of cotton-seed oil will then assert itself, and the cloth will present the appearance of a discoloured oily rag.

There is a considerable amount of substitution in sweetmeats and various dainties in special demand at Christmas. One instance is preserved sugar. In high-class depots, at high prices, you can secure the real thing, but for popular demand the frequent substitute sold as preserved ginger is a preserved, tough vegetable substance soaked in syrup and ginger essence, and then fried.

It should be made clear that we have not suggested, as one or two firms have imagined, that all tinned and bottled foods contained preservatives. A very large number do, but certain popular brands go through special processes that do not necessitate the use of preservatives.

There are many brands above suspicion, their names alone being sufficient guarantee of their purity. But when the labels on the goods show no name at all, consumers should take heed of our warning and avoid these.

Our endeavour is to indicate the substitute, doctored and other food dangers, that undoubtedly exist and must be stamped out for the million's future health and well-being.

Poor Law and other public institution authorities are now very active. As an instance, Messrs. Myer Nathan, Ltd., of Bishops Road, Bethnal Green, were fined £40 (£10 on each of four summonses) and £10 10s. costs, at Hampstead Police Court, for having supplied fowls unfit for human consumption to the Hampstead Poor Law Infirmary. The plea that the birds were sent to the infirmary by mistake availed Messrs. Myer Nathan and Co., Ltd., nothing. Let the good work go on.

While on the subject, it would be well if the authorities could pay a little closer attention to the factories in the East End concerned with the preparation and manufacture of potted fowls and chickens for sale in stores and shops, under high-sounding names.

Not so long ago, a woman worker in one of these factories brought an action against the proprietors for damages. She contracted a skin disease in course of her special work, and claimed that, required to handle chickens rotten with maggots, she contracted the disease!

Nothing nowadays is wasted in cooked food factories. Fats exuded by steam cooking processes are collected and sold, with dripping and other waste fats, to contractors for conversion into suet substitutes in cake, or flaked form, sold loose in the butcher's shops and in packets by the grocers. Naturally they are chemically treated with preservatives.

Doctors are fond of telling their patients to avoid starchy foods if they would avoid increasing adipose tissue. Again, of advising nourishing custards for weakly children and adults. Only in households where art is no object, in the hospitals, and the expensive hotels and restaurants is real custard compounded of fresh eggs and milk available.

Various forms of custard powders take their place as popular substitutes for the real nourishment, and certain of these are just powdered, coloured and flavoured starch. This fact was established some time ago in the law courts, in an important action that aroused much interest.

With the addition of white of egg and boric whipped condensed milk frequently masquerades as "preserved" cream for serving with stewed fruit, filling cream buns, éclairs and the like dainties. With the addition of whipped margarine and fanciful colourings it serves for the tempting looking filling in fancy pastries.

In some of the most pretentious tea-shops, all bread crumbs, half-eaten rolls, etc., are thrown into big hampers and sent each night to headquarters for conversion into the small puddings, featured on the daily lunch menu. Meat portions refused by customers are not wasted. They are added to the stews served to the general staffs.

Drastic reform in food manufacture cannot come too soon.

Reform the Asylums!

THE man who one day last week told a Willesden magistrate, "My wife is in an asylum, but she is as sane as you are," probably told the truth. This little incident, moreover, adds emphasis to the statement of Dr. Montague Lomax. This medical man, with a considerable experience gained in asylum work, told the Conference of the Universal Brotherhood Campaign, discussing lunacy reform, that "the whole system of asylum administration in the country is a blot upon Christian civilisation and scientific progress."

From what we know of special cases brought to our notice, we are inclined to agree with him. The first reform needed, according to Dr. Montague Lomax, is the abolition of its penal aspect. He is anxious, too, to get rid of all prison associations and to humanise and hospitalise asylums. Further, to abolish the principle of restraint in the treatment of insanity and substitute in its stead non-restraint.

A second and highly essential reform needed is the abolition of one-man control. At present the medical superintendent is the asylum's supreme autocrat. A third, to raise the status and general conditions of the work of asylum attendants and and nurses, on whom the comfort, happiness and ultimate recovery of the patients depend.

Most important of all reforms desired is the appointment in each county town or borough of a special advisory appeal board formed of a medical and legal member and one or more representative citizens, to be independent of the asylums committee.

The Home Office report of the conclusions of Lord Justice Atkins Committee on the question of insanity defence in murder trials will be read with interest. This committee was formed as a result of public outcry at the respite of Ronald True. The committee has been deliberating upon a contemplated alteration in criminal law concerned with cases where insanity is pleaded in murder trials.

If the anticipated recommendations of the Committee to the proposed change in the formula, "Guilty, but insane" to "Not guilty, on the ground of insanity" becomes law, a difficult position may arise. Crimes of passion will arouse waves of public sentiment and may affect the sound judgment of juries and judges.

A further big danger lies in the question of the detention and after-care of the insane murderer. He will become a probationer in a county asylum. After due time is given him to recover the effects of his temporary insanity, is he to be freed to become a citizen again?

The whole question is the subject of much discussion. Is the majesty of the law becoming flabby?

Are Babies Worth It?

by MAUDE ROYDEN

IT is natural that there should be such a controversy raging round the vexed question of Birth Control, for the problem affects not only the individual but the very life of the State. Only a woman can deal sympathetically with such a subject, and here Miss Royden gives expression to the thoughts and feelings of countless mothers and wives.

EVERY self-respecting country thinks it necessary every now and then to get up a scare about the birth-rate. Either the birth-rate is too high or it is too low, and the question is at once asked, "What are we going to do about it?"

If it is too high we are reminded that no cause of war is more fruitful than over-population. Again and again a nation has outgrown its boundaries and begun to behave like a burglar and a highway robber simply because it was too full of people, and its people had to get somewhere or get off. No one wants to get off, so the people in question moved out instead and naturally had to move out on top of somebody else. Hence "the next war."

Just now the question of unemployment in Great Britain is gloomily referred to as insoluble because we have got too many people in the country. We are not able to produce enough to support our population. It is all the fault of our deplorably high birth-rate.

On the other hand, we are told—not alternately but actually at the same time—that the birth-rate is alarmingly low! Not enough babies are being born. No great nation can go on being great unless it produces enough babies—and especially enough boy babies—to have a big army.

IT needs quite a big margin of babies to make an army adequate for the demands of modern war. In fact the most prolific mothers in the world can hardly give us babies fast enough for our needs. How on earth are we going to fight the next war at all if we have not got a big surplus of boy babies growing up now to throw into the trenches?

It looks rather like a vicious circle, does it not? If we have too many children we are providing one of the most fruitful causes of war; so we must have a great many children in order to have enough soldiers to fight the war with when it comes. It does not sound quite sensible to me, and I think if we are to expect married women to bring a great many children into the world we had better try them with something that sounds a little more reasonable than that.

OF course when the birth-rate falls people at once begin to argue that married women are not doing their duty. They begin to ask feverishly whether women have lost all sense of responsibility? Whether they have realised that there cannot be a proper war run on the modern scale unless they do recognise their responsibilities?

But I fancy there is a pretty obstinate feeling at the back of the minds of most women that the "glittering rewards of war" are not quite good enough. They have looked around them and do not see the ex-soldiers of the last war getting such "glittering prizes" as Lord Birkenhead suggests that they do.

Their rewards are hearts sick with hope deferred and hands idle in the market places of labour. It costs quite a lot of trouble to a woman to bring a baby into the world, and if she is to do it she wants to have some sort of a chance of bringing that baby up fit and well with some more attractive future than that suggested by the glittering rewards of war.

IT seems to women very difficult to prevent nations from going to war if they have the chance; in fact, hitherto no one has been able to do it at all. So they are rather inclined to decline the responsibility of bringing babies into the world merely in order to provide nations with an excuse and a possibility of going to war again.

On the other hand, they can and do control the birth-rate. I am not prepared here to discuss which methods of control—if any—are right; I merely wish to point out that in fact there are various methods of controlling the birth-rate, from abstinence to contraceptives and abortions, and that many women know of these methods, and many others know that they exist even if they do not yet know how to use them.

The old idea that it was absolutely inevitable for a woman to have her babies just as fast as ever she could has disappeared for good and all. And women are increasingly able to control the birth of their children as they choose.

WHAT do they see? They see that parents who have only a few children are more easily able to find housing accommodation for them than those who have large families. In these days of "housing problems" that is a very real consideration. They notice also that such small families are more possible to educate, that they have more space to grow up in, more peace of mind, stronger and less worried parents (especially mothers), and, in fact, a much better chance of growing up fit and healthy in mind and body than those who are born of parents who desire large families.

They notice, too, that the death-rate is very apt to go up with the birth-rate, and that the death-rate and the damage-rate always go up together. In other words, mothers who hurt themselves by bearing children too fast, and bear them into a world which is very far from being ready for them, are apt to lose their children and to cripple those that survive.

Does it seem irresponsible of women in these circumstances to prefer a low birth-rate to a high one? Even if they are not sufficiently well-educated to look beyond their own country, or, indeed, their homes, they surely see enough to justify them in claiming that it is a sense of responsibility rather than a sense of irresponsibility that is keeping the birth-rate down to-day.

But if they can look abroad and make the whole world their school, they will have even greater right to make this claim. They will find that in those countries where the birth-rate is highest the death-rate is almost invariably high also. They find that in India where the birth-rate is very high, the death-rate is simply appalling. They find that the same holds true of other Eastern and Southern countries where the status of woman is low, and where she is regarded as little more than a breeder of children.

THEY find, on the contrary, that in certain countries where the birth-rate is very low, the death-rate is so low that the number of children who grow up well and healthy exceeds those in countries where the contrary is true.

Nor is this a question of climate or of easy natural conditions. In New Zealand, for example—a new country with a splendid climate—the death-rate among children used to be as high as it was among ourselves. Now it is the lowest in the world, the women having set themselves quite deliberately to bring it down by every possible means—schools for mothers, clinics for children, better housing, better education, laws against the adulteration of food, and so on. Something of the same kind has happened in Australia, where the the climate is by no means so favourable as in New Zealand. The women there, too, are setting themselves with all their energy to save the lives of those children they have brought into the world.

THEY admit that their place is the home; but they give a wider meaning to that word "home" than they did, and they realise that every home is in the world and if they are going to keep the homes all that they ought to be, they will have to have a look at the world of which it forms a part, every now and then—say at a General Election.

Women to-day are not going to follow the example of one I heard

Miss Maude Royden, The Famous Preacher.

of only to-day, who had fifteen children and has "buried eight." Three were killed in the war, so she must have been a remarkable woman—she brought at least ten up to maturity. But at what a cost! Her son told me something of her life—with the deepest admiration. He wished he could write it all. Even from what he told me, I guessed a woman of commanding organising power, exquisite tact, and almost unbelievable courage. Even so, she had to let him—at the age of eight—become nurse-in-chief to the younger members of the family. "I was an accomplished nurse by the time I was eight," he said. At twelve he went down into the coal pits with his father and brothers, and—I suppose—the next one took on the duties of a nurse.

Is it fair to babies to hand them over to little boys of eight? Or fair to little boys of eight to let them stagger about with babies in their arms? This mother does not seem to have asked whether it was fair to her . . . but perhaps she did. Her daughters will, I know, and they will not rest content with being told that it is not their business, for it is.

IT seems as though it was really a better policy from every point of view—that of the mothers, that of the children, and that of the race itself—that women should not be exhausted by overmuch child-bearing, and that they should be able to use the energy which otherwise they would have lost, in giving to the children they bring into the world a happier, more prosperous, and more peaceful home, and devoting their energies also to altering the conditions of the country in which they live in such a way as to give to all its children a better chance than at present they possess.

In a word they are not going to bring upon themselves the blame of having over-populated a country until at last it was essential for it to go to war in order that it might kill off its superfluous population. They are going to bring into the world just as many babies as they think fit, and their idea of fitness will be governed by the readiness of the world to give those babies a decent chance.

Well—are the women to blame?

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To PHILIP SNOWDEN, Esq.
39, Woodstock Road, Golders Green, N.W.4.

DEAR SOCIALIST,—You declare that if you had your way you would prohibit any man leaving to people who were able to work sufficient wealth to enable them to live lives of idleness and luxury. I wonder what you would do if some benevolent old gentleman left you, say, £1,000 a year as a mark of his appreciation of your efforts to bring about the Millennium. Would you refuse it? This sort of stuff does not cut much ice with the British working man. JOHN BULL.

To the DUKE OF LEINSTER,
Canton, Maynooth, Co. Kildare.

SPENDTHRIFT,—For the fourth time in your young and reckless life you are bankrupt. And when I note some of your transactions I do not wonder at the fact. Your dealings with money-lenders are almost unbelievable. In one case you received a loan of £1,000 on seven or eight snuff boxes, which afterwards you sold for £760. In return you gave ten promissory notes for £1,030 each, and paid £300 commission for the introduction! You ought to have been sent to a brain specialist. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. CLARENCE MAY,
St. Thomas', Regent Street, W.

SIR,—Your West End audience must have been deeply moved when you recited a Cockney poem from the pulpit, and told of the woes of the slums. There were few women, I am told, who did not wipe away tears when you had finished. This is good work. Bring home to those people a realisation of what slum life really means, and get them together in an endeavour to better the conditions of the poor. JOHN BULL.

To J. C. CLEGG, Esq.,
President, Football Association.

SIR,—When Tom Butler, the late inside-left of Port Vale Football Club, was injured in the match against Clapton Orient, there was not a doctor among the 18,000 spectators to give the poor lad aid. Lockjaw developed from the compound fracture of Butler's forearm, and later he died. Surely you can see the moral of this story. There ought to be a doctor in attendance at each match. Your Association ought to make such an arrangement compulsory. JOHN BULL.

To FATHER MEEHAN.
Nenagh, Ireland.

SIR,—I cannot agree with you that the jury box is no place for a woman. "They are all right in their own sphere of duty in the home," you say, "but are out of place as jurors." They are not. Have you forgotten that there are many cases where a woman's sympathy, instinct and experience of life are the qualities most needed in court? Because there are a few cases at which, granted, they are of little use, you would have them stay at home altogether. This narrow view is not in keeping with the progress of woman. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. A. W. HODSON,
Captain of the Fire Brigade, Megsham.

DEAR SKIPPER,—If a fire breaks out in Megsham to-night, the unlucky villagers will have to extinguish the flames without the help of you and your gallant band of fire-fighters. Because an insurance company has criticised your brigade, you have all resigned, or gone on strike, or are standing in corners airing your grievances. Come, come! Property and human lives are of more importance than petty squabbles.—JOHN BULL.

THEY'RE "OFF!"

To the Rt. Hon. LORD JUSTICE ATKINS,
65, Ashley Gardens, S.W.1.

MY LORD,—I see that your Committee on Criminal Responsibility recommend that in future people who commit murder, and are deemed to be insane, shall be found not guilty and treated as ordinary lunatics instead of criminals. Considering the case with which such persons as Ronald True have escaped the gallows on the ground of irresponsibility, I fear such an enactment would remove the last safeguard against wholesale homicide. Why not abolish capital punishment and have done with it? But do not forget that Mademoiselle Guillotine had to be called out of her retirement owing to the recrudescence of murder in France when the death penalty was temporarily abolished. JOHN BULL.

To J. H. MAGGS, Esq.,
Chairman, United Dairies.

SIR,—You have had the insolence to suggest to the public that the price of milk could be reduced by a complicated system of coupons, and by housewives being satisfied with one delivery a day. Let me remind you that the remedy lies not with the public, but with your own Trust. Quite recently I pointed out that if a cow produces say, 600 gallons of milk in a year, that milk reaches the consumer at a price of £60. Of this sum the farmer receives only £25, while your concern, for merely distributing it, takes £35. If the distribution were taken out of your hands and organised in the public interest, there would be a saving to the country of £7,500,000 a year. And yet you have the nerve to suggest—Oh, get out! JOHN BULL.

Mr. Justice McCARDIE,
York Castle.

YOUR LORDSHIP,—In the illegitimacy case involving Herbert Clark and a young girl your remarks were the quintessence of humanity and wisdom. Although Clark and the girl are very much in love, and eager to get married, the girl's father objected. You said: "Speaking as a man rather than as a judge, I think the best match that the girl could make is to enter into matrimony with Clark and that match will be sanctified, I believe, by the approbation of all righteous people." I entirely agree. And your big-hearted humanity invests the judicial chair with a new and more beautiful dignity. JOHN BULL.

To Professor M. S. PEMBREY,
Guy's Hospital, London.

SIR,—Really, really! What's all this you have been spouting at Sheffield? To tell your audience that they should not employ women even if they do the work so well as men, because it unsexes them—is bad enough; but to assert that the immoral people are those who have no children, is going much too far. Apart altogether from physical defects that may deny to a married couple the blessing of babies, are you quite blind to the economic state of affairs to-day? It is difficult enough to feed two mouths these days, and to suggest that it would be "moral" to starve a third is ridiculous. Cut it out! JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. J. E. DAVIS,
Torquay.

SIR,—To you belongs the dishonour this year of being the first to intrude your narrow-minded ideas into the preparations for the festive season. At a meeting of the Newton Abbot Board of Guardians you protested against the inmates of the institution being allowed beer with their Christmas dinner. Seeing that the Chairman stated that they were allowed only half a pint of ale each, we are not surprised that a medical member declared that the refreshment supplied could not possibly do the slightest harm. It is no wonder the poor dread the workhouse while such as you are appointed Guardians. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

YOUR BIG STICK!

The Vicious Circle

THE panel scandal grows. Last week the Medical Service Sub-Committee of the Lancashire Insurance Committee had to investigate the facts surrounding an insured person's death. It was the old story of dilatoriness and neglect, culminating in the needless sacrifice of life.

In a case of serious and, as it was to prove, fatal illness, Dr. A.—a merciful anonymity is allowed to cloak these recurring scandals—sent the patient's relatives along to Dr. B., Dr. B. to Dr. C., and so on until it was too late to save the imperilled life.

After the poor man's death an inquiry was held and the action of two of the doctors having apparently been regarded by the Committee as inexcusably lax, one of them is to be fined £10 and the other ordered to refund 10s. 6d.!

It is this sort of thing which goads people into bitter hostility against the National Insurance scheme, with its wretched emphasis upon the handicap suffered by the poor in the battle with sickness and death. In so far as the matter is one of panel discipline the Insurance Committees ought not to shrink from drastic penalties for professional neglect and, what would be still more effective, the full disclosure of the names of the offenders.

Moreover, the Medical Council should take effective action to bring the culprits to book, and so redeem the medical profession as a whole from the slur which is cast upon it by the faults of the few.

One Day's Work

IN one form or another all the parties at this Election are repeating our own familiar slogan, "Work, not doles." On polling day there will be a practical opportunity of helping the unemployed in a small but acceptable way.

At every polling station there will be jobs going, and we take this early occasion to demand that they shall be given, not to officials of the public service, and others in good employment, but to men and women who are without regular work.

The unemployed are of all classes and occupations, and there will not be the slightest difficulty in selecting suitable persons as clerks and attendants on polling day. At the last Election a year ago this opportunity of assisting the unemployed, and especially the ex-Service man was shamefully neglected.

We must do better this time. In making their own arrangements for the closing days of the contest, all parties should pay a similar regard to the claims of the workless. An ounce of help is worth a ton of sympathy.

The Man to Vote For

THE people have forced the real issue of unemployment on all parties. The use the voter makes of the electoral "big stick" on December 6 will decide whether or not this problem is to be solved.

THE real issue on which this Election is being fought has gradually crystallised out of the fog of words in which the campaign began.

Whether they like it or not, the advocates of Protection, Free Trade and the Capital Levy alike have been compelled to come to grips with the question of Unemployment. They have been forced to realise that besides this grim spectre nothing counts in the minds of the electorate.

By forcing an election at a time when the crying need of the country was practical policies vigorously applied, those responsible for this political manœuvre have found themselves faced with an electorate, tired of words and demanding action.

On the merits of Free Trade and Protection as a cure for the appalling economic distress that is strangling industry we preserve an open mind. We know that many of our industries are in dire straits, and we are prepared to be convinced that in some cases a protective tariff might be applied with beneficial results.

If the advocates of Protection can prove beyond the possibility of doubt that a tariff wall will provide employment, that the exclusion of foreign manufactures can increase the export trade by which this country lives, we shall have nothing to say against it. Similarly we are open to conviction that Protection will serve the best interests of the Empire, and we yield to none in our desire to foster Empire Trade.

THERE is one thing on which we take the firmest possible stand. We shall continue to be unalterably opposed to any measures that will increase or tend to increase the cost of living. We shall oppose to the utmost any and every attempt to tax food and other necessaries of life. By no possibility can the people of this country be benefited by such an increase.

The result of this election will touch personally every man and every woman in the land. It is the duty of everyone to take the election seriously, to think, and above all, to vote. Every voter should read the speeches of the Party Leaders, weigh their facts, and vote accordingly.

Neither Parties nor personalities count one iota in the present crisis. *Every candidate should be called on to explain how the plans he advocates will provide WORK.*

The man who is only capable of vague theories and half-hearted promises deserves neither votes nor confidence. The men the nation needs in the next Government are those with practical plans for ending the chaos of unemployment and housing, men who know their own minds and who will pursue a disinterested policy for the common good of the people; and there is no lack of material on which to form a mature judgment.

IF all cheap witticisms and party catchwords are ignored, there remains in the speeches that are daily delivered a residue of solid fact by which the practical value of rival theories may be fully tested. It is the duty of every voter to read those speeches, assimilate the facts and apply the test of reality to theories.

Our advice to the voter is to remember that he is the man who, on December 6, will enter the polling-booth with the power to decide his own destinies for the next five years.

The result of this Election lies in the hands of the people, and on their choice depends the solution or otherwise of the problem of unemployment.

"Blind" Ballots

THE various "ballots" in aid of charities are shortly to be brought under the scrutiny of the London County Council. In principle we have no objection whatever to these lotteries provided that certain essential conditions are satisfied.

Obviously there should in every case be a balance-sheet published, showing the exact total of entrance fees and prizes, and explaining how the profits have been divided between the promoters of the scheme, who seldom if ever work for nothing, and the deserving claims of charity. We commend it to the immediate notice of the L.C.C.

There have been several unpleasant scandals in connection with these money-raising enterprises. In one case 50 per cent. of the profits found its way into the pockets of the promoters. In connection with another scheme only a fixed sum was allocated for charitable purposes, and a larger amount of money was absorbed in "expenses" than was available for the relief of distress.

This is a state of affairs which in the long run will inflict serious injury upon the cause of genuine charity. Under the War Charities Act and the Blind Persons Act, the L.C.C. and similar bodies throughout the country have ample powers to deal with this abuse.

As a first step the allocation of profits as between the promoters of the ballot and the charity in question should be marked plainly on each ticket. Honesty is the best policy, in philanthropy as well as in business.

Dealers in Death

SOMEONE in America has invented a super-rifle with a magazine for twenty cartridges. Much of the world's best brain-power is still devoted to the perfection of the engines of death. What a commentary upon our civilisation, our diplomacy, our politics!

The bulk of the questions that loom so large at this General Election are of transient and trifling import compared with the stupendous challenge to our humanity involved in the preservation of peace. Every candidate for our political confidence should be tackled on this question: "What is your policy for promoting the Peace of the World?" The answer will disclose the man and go far to determine whether or not he is worthy of our trust.

Let the brains of every people be devoted not to the service of Death but to the ministry of Life, to healing rather than to destruction, to the building of the better world that shall redeem the follies of the past, enabling men and women to enjoy the best that life can give in security and hope.

DECEMBER 1, 1923.

The Man who Found Happiness

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

MANY people in search of happiness take the wrong road. Their life's dream is of palaces and of the comforts and contentment which they think wealth can buy. But there is a far more beautiful picture to be visualised, as the article below reveals.

The late Hon. N. C. Rothschild, to whom money was not everything. Though a millionaire, he committed suicide

SOME few weeks ago a Lancashire workman returned one day to his home after a vain attempt to find work. He had walked many miles, endured many rebuffs, and had come back to his wife with no money and no hope. In his own language, he was "quite down-hearted and disappointed."

The day was Thursday, and on the table of his kitchen lay a copy of that week's JOHN BULL. The workman picked up the paper, sat down by the fire, and turned the pages listlessly, seeking, without much hope, for some topic which would dissipate the terrible cloud of misery and dejection pressing on his brain. His eye was caught by the words, "Here Lies a Millionaire." These words, you may remember, comprised the title of an article founded on the suicide of a Rothschild—an article which employed the tragedy of that suicide to prove that human happiness is not a commodity to be bought with Treasury notes or even with a cheque bearing the signature of a Rothschild.

THE workless Lancashire man, very tired after his long tramp, and very miserable after another day's bitter failure to get a job, read this article, "Here Lies a Millionaire," and, reading it, forgot his troubles. At the end of his reading he said to his wife: "I've got something here that will do you good, mother; sit down, and I'll read it to you." So she sat down at his side, in front of the little fire, and the unemployed man read aloud to her the article based upon the suicide of a Rothschild. When the reading was over, and they had talked about the matter, the man sat down at the table, and on pages torn from a child's exercise book wrote a letter to the author of that article. In the course of his letter he says:

I am thankful that I have got something that some of these millionaires haven't got, and that is love; and something worth living for, for I am a man with a large family and a loving wife. In fact, I would not change place with Rockefeller for a day for all his millions. I would not care to be a Jew or a king upon his throne, for I am happy and contented in my sweet little home.

HE proceeds to philosophise. "And yet," he says, "a millionaire ought to be the happiest man in the world." Why? What is the reason that occurs to the mind of this workless man for thinking that millionaires ought to be the happiest of men? It is this: the millionaire enjoys more opportunities than anyone else for making other people happy. And yet

. . . he will pass a poor child in bare feet and would not even give it pity, never mind a penny to buy a bun; and yet you will see a poor man with a family giving the child a bun, and perhaps it was his last penny.

A signalman sent me 10s. the other day for the relief of a family whose sufferings I had mentioned in these columns. It is still wonderfully true that the best friends of the poor are the poor themselves. And here comes an out-of-work poor man to tell millionaires that they are unhappy because they have not discovered this secret—the poor man's secret of last penny charity—that joyous giving away of all one possesses to relieve another's sufferings, that boundless charity towards the weak and oppressed which never reckons the cost, that reckless faith in to-morrow's meal and to-morrow's roof which accounts for the good humour of the poor and the severe judgment passed upon them by the insured Christians of our timorous middle-classes.

AGAIN and again he almost cries out that Love is the secret, and declares that to have the means to make other people happy and no love in the heart to prompt that natural instinct is to live in hell. To love them and to help them, that is the secret of happiness; to scrape and hoard for oneself, and to live in plenty while others go short of barest needs, that is to isolate the soul from the farthest reaching beam of God's mercy. There is no mention of politics in this letter. The one secret has to do with the human heart: it is Love.

And no read the postscript to this enthusiastic letter ringing with gratitude and love:

I do not want you to think as I have written this letter that I am free from care and worry. Far from it. I have only done 13 weeks' work in two years, also lost a fine lad in the war, and also lost my youngest son last August, the youngest of eleven children, so you will see I have got a hard battle to fight.

And then this: "But, sir, I and my wife are happy in that fight." Throughout his letter there are references to this loving wife. She is at his side in the fight, keeping him happy. Behind the joyous letter-writer is the good mother who says nothing but goes quietly on looking after the children, keeping the little home sweet, and who never lets the black cloud resting over the home darken her faith or embitter her loyalty.

What a wonderful world! Here is a man who, for two bitter years, has found work only for thirteen weeks, writing a letter to tell millionaires the secret of happiness. Here is a father of eleven children engaged in what he calls a hard battle—most of us would call it a most desperate and hopeless battle, writing a letter to tell people who have no battle to fight at all why it is they are not so happy as he is—this unemployed man in his "sweet little home," with his loving wife, and his large family, which is "something worth living for."

HERE, too, is something worth living for, something which statesmen as well as millionaires would find worth living for—to help such people as this man and his wife to fight their battle. I believe on my soul that to work for such as these is the highest honour that can fall to any man in the British Islands. To ease their terrible burdens is our duty; to obtain their just rights our most enviable privilege.

For these people, unrepresented by any politician, unchampioned by any church and ignored by Fashion, are the true people of Great Britain, and it is their virtue alone—the unconquerable virtue of these inarticulate millions—which stands between us and downfall.

Money

WE stand aghast at the u being asked to vote for solve the problem. Yet trade i says our contributor in

I HAVE received so many comment and otherwise, on my recent artic what is involved in the Electio cannot do better than deal with shall select the unfriendly comments be more important to know what the disa are than what the agreements are. In t we ought to be able to disagree and dis out animus. We all want to get rid of u ment, and I take it that if we could a the course and the remedy we should all mind. There is only one caution to obs are dealing with a vast issue—the eco of the nation as a whole—do not let us it from a mean and trivial point of is a big question, and we must se big way.

Let me recall the point I have sought It is that this Election is being fought o that has nothing to do with the disease said that Free Trade is not the cause of u ment; that neither Free Trade nor P can cure unemployment; and that th Levy, whatever its merits or demerits, ha to do with the case. The cause of unem is the collapse of Europe and the c failure of world trade. The remedy is peace and to set the shuttle flying mer between the nations.

BUT, says one of my critics, what abo Italy, Belgium, the United States tectionist and all with less unemploym we have. Well, let us glance for a m France and Italy. They are not countries primarily. They rest on a

"Marriage is a man-made social expediency with which Nature has nothing to do."

Hon. Mr. Justice McCardie, Judge of the High Court

Misfit Marriages!

MR. JUSTICE McCARDIE spoke truly enough when he said, after hearing a number of divorce cases at Newcastle, that the inventor of a text-book enabling candidates for marriage to determine whether they would suit one another, would be one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. But it would have been just as useful if he had added that another benefactor would be the writer of a text-book ensuring universal happiness.

Until men become gods with power to rule their fate, we must continue, in the absence of these handy little books, to make the best of our frailties by adapting them to the inscrutable and immutable might of the Cosmic Laws; and that is where Mr. Justice McCardie might have been a benefactor himself by suggesting practical palliatives for the evils he had been led to deplore, instead of sighing for impossibilities.

For it clearly is impossible to devise any method of guiding young people to anything like certainty in the tremendous experiment of living two lives as one. The conditions of courtship, in the first place, are necessarily fatal to fair appraisement of matrimonial chances.

The wooing time is a beatific dream, to which marriage, with its daily petty irritations and worries, its common cares and constant clash of little incompatibilities, frequently brings a very rude awakening. The husband may prove lazy, shiftless, unkind, perhaps he drinks too much. She may be woefully ignorant of domestic economy, vain, inclined to flirt, slovenly, addicted perhaps to the terrible vice of nagging. Misfortunes may come, stripping the breadwinner of fortune or employment, and compelling the wife, who has been brought up to cultivate the graces and refined allurements of dainty femininity, to leave her piano and lollypop ballads for the wash-tub and the scrubbing-brush. Or, worst of all, the couple may just simply fail to agree; they may discover, when the illusion of courtship has worn off, that they have nothing in common, that their temperaments, their tastes, their interests, their views, are all diametrically opposed; and then begins the dull, dreary, gnawi of the really hopeless marriage.

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Money Round the Corner

by A. G. GARDINER

WE stand aghast at the unemployment in our midst, and the country is being asked to vote for three grotesque measures, not one of which can solve the problem. Yet trade is hammering at our doors asking for admission, says our contributor in this powerful article, and we turn it away!

Mr. A. G. Gardiner, who shows how Britain is deliberately closing the doors to fresh trade

I HAVE received so many comments, friendly and otherwise, on my recent articles about what is involved in the Election, that I cannot do better than deal with them. I shall select the unfriendly comments because it is more important to know what the disagreements are than what the agreements are. In this matter we ought to be able to disagree and discuss without animus. We all want to get rid of unemployment, and I take it that if we could agree upon the course and the remedy we should all be of one mind. There is only one caution to observe. We are dealing with a vast issue—the economic life of the nation as a whole—do not let us approach it from a mean and trivial point of view. It is a big question, and we must see it in a big way.

Let me recall the point I have sought to make. It is that this Election is being fought on an issue that has nothing to do with the disease. I have said that Free Trade is not the cause of unemployment; that neither Free Trade nor Protection can cure unemployment; and that the Capital Levy, whatever its merits or demerits, has nothing to do with the case. The cause of unemployment is the collapse of Europe and the consequent failure of world trade. The remedy is to restore peace and to set the shuttle flying merrily again between the nations.

BUT, says one of my critics, what about France, Italy, Belgium, the United States—all Protectionist and all with less unemployment than we have. Well, let us glance for a moment at France and Italy. They are not industrial countries primarily. They rest on agriculture. They do not live by world trade, but grow practically all their own food. They are not hit by the catastrophe in the same way that we, who import three loaves out of every four we eat, are hit. They are poor countries compared with ours, but they do not depend on imports for their food. We are a rich country, made rich by our manufactures, but if we cannot sell our manufactures abroad we cannot buy our food and raw materials abroad.

THAT is plain. It may be unfortunate that we have built up this vast population—the most dense population in the world—on the assumption that we could go on exchanging our manufactures for the food and raw materials of other countries. It was an assumption founded on a peaceful world. It may be that it would have been better if we had been content with less success—that we should have rested on agriculture, maintained a population half what we have and fed ourselves at home. Our riches enabled us to finance the war and made the standard of life here higher than in any country in the world except America. But whether good or bad, we have to face the fact that we are what we are. We have forty million mouths to feed. *And we cannot feed them at home.* We must import. And we must export to pay for our imports. In a word, the pre-war conditions of world trade must be restored before we can live.

But that is not all. Unemployment apart, are France and Italy as prosperous, even to-day as we are? They are not. We financed the war and lent 2,000 millions to our allies. Of this we lent 600 millions to France. She has not paid us back. She has not paid a penny of interest on the debt. She says she cannot afford to pay. Her annual budget shows a deficiency of 400 million sterling a year which she makes up by borrowing. The case of Italy is worse.

What have we done? We have balanced our budget. We have taxed ourselves so heavily that we pay our way. We have acknowledged our war debt to America—incurred on behalf of France—and are paying principal and interest to the extent of thirty million a year. *There is no other country in Europe or in the world, outside the United States, that could have done this.* In spite of our unemployment, we are still the richest country in the world, apart from the United States. That is the most relevant fact to the whole discussion. If we could get rid of unemployment by becoming nationally poorer there would be much to be said for doing so. But we cannot. It is no good cutting off our nose to spite our face.

LET us turn to another fundamental point. French credit has fallen so low that the franc is worth only threepence in our money. That is inflation. It means cheap production as against the country whose credit stands high. It means that in the world market the country with the cheapest labour is in the best position—so long as it has not to buy its raw materials from countries where credit is high. Hence the relative prosperity of France in the silk, lace, crêpe and similar trades. It may be that we ought to have inflated our currency too. It is possible that we have thought too much of our credit and that we should have watered our capital by printing paper. I am not a financier, and my opinion on that intricate subject is not worth having.

But there is another and I think better way of stimulating trade than by inflation. It is by releasing credit. And this brings me to another correspondent who attacks the idea of trading with Russia on the ground that Russia has not paid her debts. (Has France paid hers? or Italy?) Not until she does that will he recognise her. We can get all the timber and wheat we want from elsewhere, he says, without Russia's help. But I thought we were talking about unemployment. I certainly was. I pointed out that a country with a population ten times that of all the British Overseas Dominions was hungering for rails, engines, steam ploughs, machines of every sort, the supply of which would set our factories going to-morrow and *keep them going for years* and that this vast trade for which Russia could pay with her raw materials (not necessarily coming direct to us, my dear sir, but going to pay our debts elsewhere) *is deliberately held up* by the refusal of the Government to recognise Russia and so give the word "Go" to the men who alone can give the credit that will set this torrent of trade in motion.

WHAT is the use of shedding tears over unemployment while this insanity continues? What is the use of listening to this idle talk about tariffs and no tariffs while trade is hammering at our doors asking for admission and being turned away?

Misfit Marriages!

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

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In considering the difficulties of the problem, we need to bear in mind that marriage is a man-made social expediency with which Nature has nothing to do. She pumps the impulse of amativeness to its high tide in the hot blood of twenty; but holds back maturity of judgment till the blood has been chilled by fuller experience. The boy of twenty is potentially "in love" with every wheedling she betwixt fifteen and fifty, and ready to assure anyone who will give him encouragement that she is "the only girl."

To him, at the moment, she *is* the only girl. So is any other decent girl. In a year he will find a dozen—every one "the" girl. By and by, in ten or twenty years, he may meet the woman who would have suited him. Then, if he is already booked for life, existence becomes, for him and his wife—perhaps also for the other woman—a lingering torture, a veritable hell upon earth. There is the handicap that Nature has set to our social expedient of unalterable matrimony. We insist that ripened wisdom shall continue to the end of life to pay the penalty of green irresponsibility.

Mr. Cairns, the Thames magistrate, doubtless exaggerates when he says that 75 per cent. of the population would be thrown on the rates "if all miserable married men" ran away from their wives. There are degrees of conjugal misery. Even the most harmoniously mated do not find life an absolutely perpetual picnic. But I believe that the majority of married couples if offered a chance to make a complete change, would prefer to bear the ills they know rather than fly to others that they know not of.

Still, it assuredly is the fact that an appalling proportion of marriages are hopelessly unhappy; and I submit that Mr. Justice McCardie would have used his judicial rostrum to better advantage if he had supported the suggestion of Lord Gorrell, the late President of the Divorce Court, that persons who have been legally and continuously separated for more than three years, should be allowed to marry again.

We could alleviate much of the actual suffering if persons in high places would accustom the people to the idea that there is no more shame, social disgrace, or immorality, in amending a misfit in marriage than in any other of our social arrangements.

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SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

THE Younger type of politician is the exact antithesis of the Lloyd George type of politician. The latter is quick, daring, voluble, adaptable and utterly untrustworthy. The former is slow, cautious, quiet, stolid and supremely reliable. The Welshman is always twisting and turning—sometimes turning his coat. The Scotsman goes straight on—and his coat is the same colour both inside and out.

It was most characteristic of Sir George Younger (as he then was), that he never trusted Lloyd George, even when the whole Conservative Party rallied behind that farcical and magnetic little personage. The ex-Premier's oratorical flights left him cold and suspicious. "Gladstonian dope!" he was once heard to call them. His phlegmatic nature was revolted by the other's theatrical treatment of public affairs. And he hated with his whole soul that unblushing opportunism which has guided Mr. George's entire career, and made it the most instructive and amusing episode in the history of modern politics.

LORD YOUNGER is, in fact, a typical Scotsman, of the unimaginative, serious, slogging, bulldog variety. He knows exactly what he wants and goes "all out" for it. He doesn't like people who get in his way, and he is rude to them until they get out of it. When an individual thoroughly annoys him, he fixes his teeth, bull-dog fashion, in the flesh of the offender, and doesn't let go until his victim howls for mercy. It is known only to a few—though I don't see why it should be hushed up any longer—that if it hadn't been for him, L.G. might at this moment be leading the Conservative Party. But, rather than howl for mercy, that worthy tore himself away from the Younger grip and went back, repentant, to the Liberal fold. Since when there has been much ba-ba-ing over the return of the lost sheep.

LIKE the majority of Conservative politicians, Lord Younger has hardly a fair share of brains. This is unfortunate, for he has a full share of honesty and astuteness. Still, he's no fool. He has a rare faculty for organisation; and when he's given long enough to aim, he sometimes scores a controversial bull's-eye.

Alas! he has a bee in his bonnet—a bee that buzzes with irritating insistency. This practically incapacitates him for serious State business. It places him on a level with Mr. Asquith, and not a few other mentally defective gentlemen who think that their Party is more important than mankind. He religiously believes that if the country doesn't go to the Tories it will go to the dogs. Which is another way of saying that God ordained the Conservative Party to lead the British people across the Red Sea of domestic unemployment and foreign entanglement into a land of milk and honey!

Viscount Younger

This sickening game of Party politics is too childish to be discussed. But until we begin to take an intelligent interest in the way we are governed, we'll get the Youngers and Asquiths we deserve.

Shepherds and the Unemployed

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

AT Westminster Police Court the other morning seventeen members of an unemployed procession were fined sixpence each for making street collections without a police permit.

It appears that the offending persons marched from their "headquarters" at Kensington into the City and back, a pretty little tramp of nearly thirteen miles. On being challenged by a police inspector, they announced that they would make a test case of it, as they had bandsmen with them and claimed to be "street performers." It was admitted that there were "two or three musicians" in the parade, but the collectors or box-rattlers outnumbered them by about five to one, and the magistrate came to the conclusion that he must "convict."

BEING a decent sort of magistrate he went on to express "sympathy" for the unemployed, but pointed out that "policemen cannot continually be taken from other duties to shepherd marchers." He offered to "bind over" the wicked seventeen on their own recognisances not to offend again. The solicitor for the police, however, suggested "a small fine instead," and bang went seventeen sixpences into the till of the Westminster Police Court.

Well, I suppose that despite the alleged stagnation in the City and the fearful hardupness which prevails in Mayfair and such-like districts more or less on the line of the march, the Kensington box-rattlers must have had a poor day if they didn't collect more than 8s. 6d. on their thirteen-mile jaunt. Two or three musicians of average blowing power, accompanied by seventeen hefty collectors, ought to touch for at least 2s. a mile in weather like this, and I am very pleased to think that after settling up with Westminster, our out-of-work friends may have had as much as a clear 18s. left to divide amongst them.

THE seventeen sixpences they left in the royal city of Westminster may have meant seventeen fewer "sixpenny meals for a family" in seventeen poor homes, but that is neither here nor there. The law of England seems to be that if you are stone broke through unemployment and anxious to advertise the fact by proceeding through the streets in "solemn troops and sweet societies," armed only with collecting boxes and two or three musicians, you must be shepherded by policemen, and if, owing to "other duties," there are not enough policemen to go round, you must stop at home and starve till the constabulary has time to attend to you.

We are not blaming the Westminster magistrate for administering the law, and we are not blaming the police for having "other duties." But when all is said, the unemployed are just as much "citizens of this great Empire" as you or I, and if they have a citizen's right to march in procession with a view to blowing the hujah and rattling the box a bit, I fail to see why that right should be restricted on the mere ground that we are short of policemen or shepherds.

Of course there are warmly clad and comfortably fed people in the world who regard the hungry unemployed as a nuisance. Perhaps they are. They remind us a trifle too vividly of what nobody likes to think about, namely, the skeletons in the social and national cupboard. For all that, they have got to see themselves through the winter somehow, and if they find that here and there a procession with a collection to it helps, they should not be hampered by over-stringency on the part of the police.

THE politicians who were going to do so much for the out-of-works before Christmas have fobbed him off with a belly-filling General Election. In a large measure it will devolve upon the British public to tide him over till a new government gets down to brass tacks about him. From direct appeal to the British public he should not be debarred.

If the police know a better way of direct appeal than by procession and money-box they might let me hear about it on a postcard.

People Who Have Seen Ghosts

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

THE thousands of letters that have poured into our office in connection with the "John Bull" Spiritualistic investigations are convincing evidence of the interest aroused through our disclosures. Here our contributor deals with the queries of many of our readers, and passes on some pertinent questions to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Mr. Sydney Moseley

WHAT is the attitude of the man in the street towards Spiritualism? From the multitude of letters which have reached me during the course of my investigation, I have been able to extract some points of extreme interest. Roughly speaking, the general attitude is one of perplexity and of a desire to know more.

Many points have been put to me which I shall be able to deal with. Others—plain, blunt questions—I pass on to the Grand Old Man of Spiritualism, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Let me say, first of all, that the correspondence shows that the liveliest interest is being taken all over the country in our endeavour to come to some decision regarding the greatest of all mysteries. Is it Spiritualism or is it Spoof? The distinctly diverse views that are expressed clearly emphasise the need for this independent investigation.

An attitude, which is widely shared, is expressed by Baroness Gore, who writes to me from Clarges Street, Piccadilly. "So far Spiritism seems to me a cruel hoax or joke, but I do believe that some rare beings have the power of creating, through their extraordinary psychic force, the forms of other beings, which possibly take on their resemblance of friends through the imagination of those present."

"There is, I think," she adds, "a lingering hope in the minds of us who have lost those dearest to us, that they do exist elsewhere." Baroness Gore asks me for the address of a medium who is able to effect materialisation. Other correspondents have made the same request. I regret, however, I am unable to take the responsibility of such recommendations.

What is the attitude of the Church towards Spiritualism? A large number of readers send me Scriptural quotations disapproving of Spiritualism. Miss Lily Jones (Wednesbury), Mr. E. J. Ball (Forest Gate), Mr. James A. White (Wath-on-Deane), Stoker Hodge, R.N., and a hundred others are definite anti-spiritists on religious grounds.

I am afraid that Scriptural quotations, like statistics, are plastic enough to admit of all sorts of interpretations. For instance, one quotation, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, thy victory," marks the refrain of a rousing Spiritualistic hymn!

A number of my correspondents are rightly incensed at the prevalence of fraudulent mediums. Here is a case in point. Mr. John Beddington (Bushey Heath) was almost a convert to Spiritualism when, after many séances, he asked to be put in touch with his dead boy—his only child.

Describing the séance, Mr. Beddington writes: "A youthful voice (my boy was 25 years old) spoke to me from out of the void. But I instantly detected a trick, as my poor boy never spoke one word from the time he came into the world to that in which he passed out of it. He was not dumb, but the brain would not permit of speech. I never attended another séance."

Another reader tells me that at a séance with a leading medium he was sure that he was shamefully tricked. My informant happens to believe in Spiritualism, so that his indignation is not the result of prejudice. In view of all this, it is not surprising that several readers suggest methods of detecting fraud during séances.

There is the Rev. W. T. Macgregor (Edinburgh), for instance, with quite an ingenious idea. All you have to do, apparently, is to take a confederate with you, and "ask as a favour that he may be allowed to control the lights." Then when the spirit hand grips yours, cry "Lights up!" and see what happens.

Another correspondent, R. L. Eagle (Sydenham), suggests that I should arm myself with a pocket flash-lamp. "Spirits don't like, and won't have, a light on their proceedings," he adds. Well, this surely does seem an obvious way, but is this, and other similar devices, the right way of going about the business?

If one were sure of fraud, yes. But if there is a doubt, as there certainly is, then it is not only discourteous but dangerous. No, we must find out some more scientific means of discovering trickery. If the conditions which are imposed upon the investigator by Spiritualists are accepted, then they must be honoured. If these conditions are so drastic that they leave a doubt on the mind of a sitter, then the spiritualist has failed to spread the truth.

I rather prefer the suggestion of Dr. W. Ditcham, who "gave it all up" because of this lack of proof. "I would attend a séance," he writes, "and the medium would describe a spirit by a Christian name. I would then reply, 'Good, but what is the surname?' *Never* have I had it given me, so I drew my own conclusions." He wants to know why. Perhaps Conan Doyle can tell him.

C. W. Frank suggests a simple test. "Open the Bible at random and mark a verse, then close it and ask the medium to read out the verse which you have ticked." I should add that both these tests were applied by me at the recent séances. Some I have already described. I also asked the medium to tell me the time by my watch which I had purposely put on an hour. He replied that he would accept that test another time.

Another medium told me that they could see in the spirit world that I was writing a book, so I promptly asked "What is the name of the book?" That seemed easy enough. If the spirit could actually see the book being printed, as he alleged, then surely he could have read the title. He made several wild guesses and failed.

* * *

Have you ever seen a ghost? Mrs. A. B. Foster writes to me: "Of course there are ghosts. We cannot doubt the accumulated evidence of centuries, but who are these wandering spirits?" Here are a few readers who declare they have actually seen ghosts: Mr. James West (Strawberry Hill) affirms "I have seen in broad daylight Christ himself crowned and in purple robes. The vision came when I wasn't thinking of the possibility of anything like that." Mrs. A. E. Barrett (Sparham) "saw the vision of a beautiful face surrounded by a thick grey vapour." Other readers send me photographs of spirits—but I hope to deal with this subject in a future article.

Referring to my article in JOHN BULL on an "amazing message from the dead," Sir Arthur Conan Doyle writes: "I am glad to see that Mr. Moseley has in the meantime received some good evidence on his own account. I have had at least fifty such experiences. He will realise now that when someone who is not present reports (as he did last week) "How can we trust those self-deluded people" it is rather annoying. But he has now spoken out bravely, and I, for one, thank him." Funny this. I don't remember writing the "self-deluded" phrase Sir Arthur puts in my mouth.

The interesting fact about the bulk of my correspondence is that what some believe to be ordinary occurrences, is beyond the comprehension of others.

Personally, I think that clairvoyance, in which spirits are described, is the least interesting or convincing, but Cecil Bush (Balham), and others, give instances where spirit friends were correctly described.

The subject of apports is too immense to deal with now, but Mr. James Douglas (Glasgow) tells the story of a spirit canary which was brought to a séance in Scotland from the Canary Islands in two minutes. Mr. Douglas, however, is a sceptic. After stating that the JOHN BULL articles are the talk of Scotland, he states "A large number of people only imagine they receive sufficient proof, and I find the more intelligent they look the easier they are to hoodwink." Nevertheless he admits "there is a huge something in it, however, and the best way to get at the truth is by such straightforward articles as appear in JOHN BULL, copies of which I have distributed to twenty-four ministers."

In my last week's article I raised the question of identity. I said that I was not convinced that the spirit voices actually came from those persons they were supposed to represent. This point is raised by many readers. One asks: "Is it possible for evil or just mischievous spirits to assume the shapes of others and speak with faked voices?" Now, is it, Sir Arthur? Why should we not learn from alleged spirits something worth hearing?

Mr. Albert Harris (Bletchley) wants to know whether animals survive after death. The spiritualistic answer is in the negative. At a séance last week the mysterious voice informed me that there was plenty of work to do for the lover of dogs who had passed over.

Correspondents ask me whether Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is sincere. Be sure he is, and he is very anxious that this investigation should end successfully. Therefore, I would ask him if he will himself suggest certain definite tests which would satisfy a seeker after the truth. Supposing he were not a believer, but just the creator of Sherlock Holmes, what definite tests would he think were justified?

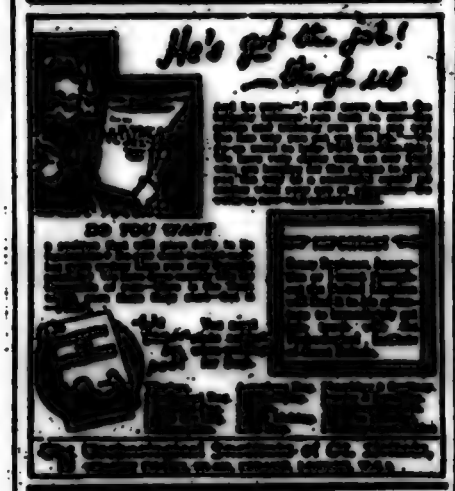
At the last séance which he was good enough to suggest, I ventured to ask certain questions which the medium said created a wall of doubt between this plane and the other. Will Sir Arthur not admit that the only wall of doubt that can be set up is in the mind of the investigator who will not be satisfied without definite proof?

WHY are some Spiritualists so mightily scared of test séances? Why do they offer sacrilegious objections when they are not averse to accepting substantial fees for every séance they attend? These are straight questions which Sir Arthur, as a straight man, will no doubt answer.

Will the Newby Bridge correspondent, who sends me a message about Thompson, give me his or her name and address, not for publication but as a guarantee of good faith?

Past and Future Holidays

For an interesting Souvenir and Guide—a link between your 1923 and 1924 holidays—write Dept. E, 26, Pancras Rd., N.W.1.



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MATERNITY OUTFITS 9/11 Carriage Paid U.K. State size required. Sent by Medical Prof., Adjustable, Corset, 10/11. Underclothing, Skirts, First baby book, Pudding. Send to-day.—Institute Co., Bentinck Place, Southampton Street, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

Mother and Daughter

"I HAVE a sister who married a widower many years her senior, who has an only daughter of sixteen. The girl was away on the Continent at a boarding-school at the time of the marriage—which was performed at a registry office, and unknown except to a few intimate friends.

"The daughter has arrived in England, and the facts thrust upon her. She absolutely refuses to have anything to do with her stepmother, who has a charming and lovable disposition. My sister was averse to the secrecy of the affair, but gave way to her fiancé's wishes. Now she has the child problem to consider. The father, though he has thoroughly spoilt his daughter in the past, has no patience with what he terms her 'unreasonable attitude,' and has sent her back again to school.

"But this state of affairs cannot continue *ad infinitum*, and the new wife is very unhappy about it. What can she do to heal the breach?"

"Humanist" says:—*Daughters cannot order the lives of their fathers. This young woman has not yet realised that. The wife's duty is to do what she can to dissipate her husband's anger—to be generous in this trial. I do not doubt reconciliation will ultimately follow.*

A Brother's Betrayal

"WHEN my father was living, and shortly before he died, he discovered a process of glazing bricks which was of such value that it would have brought him a fortune in the course of a few short years. However, he was not destined to enjoy any of the fruits of his endeavours, for he died four months after his invention.

"On his death-bed he handed over to my elder brother and myself a document explaining this secret process and advised us to continue the work together at our brick-works, intending us to share the profits equally. The capital invested in the machinery, building and apparatus was almost negligible, so that if we omit the possibilities of the new glazing method we were left poor men.

"My brother soon afterwards played a very shabby trick on me. He absolutely refused to share the secret, saying that the document was meant for him alone. He would, moreover, only pay me my due wages as cashier and clerk along with the market rate of interest on my share of invested capital; the gradually increasing profits went always into his own pocket. So exasperated was I that after one quarrel over the subject I sold out my share in the concern and cut myself utterly adrift.

"The firm now is in a very thriving condition; wealth is pouring in on my brother, while my wife and I have difficulty in living on my present poor wage. It is hard to see dishonesty bringing such great rewards while we, who are as fully deserving, are deprived of what is ours by right. Unfortunately, documentary agreement was never resorted to by our family, for implicit trust was the rule of the day during my father's life."

"Humanist" says:—*Your story is as old as that of Esau and Jacob—who ultimately became reconciled. I hope the same thing may happen in your case. If you went to law your story would have as much chance of being believed as his, perhaps more, for why should your father be supposed to have wished to punish you?*

Tempted for Love

"YEARS ago I met, and fancied I cared very much for, a man in a fair position. We parted and he married. Unfortunately his wife turned out all that was bad, and after six years they separated, or rather she left him one day for the home of another man, leaving her three young children behind. Their father, in spite of overwhelming odds, brought them up, and has given each one a good start in life. He is now in possession of private means.

"Four years ago I married the best husband that ever a woman had, a man who trusts me implicitly and whose whole life is for me and our two little ones. Now, business has gone from bad to worse and his health has broken down. The doctors say there is no hope of recovery unless he can be relieved of worry and has a complete change abroad. Friendless, nearly penniless, I cannot give him this, although I work to keep the home together.

"Now my friend of older times, who knows my sorrow, writes that he will enter our home as a lodger, paying enough to enable my husband to get what is prescribed, and also invest enough to put our little business beyond the present worries. But it is the eternal triangle. I *know* the price I will be asked to pay.

"The doctors say my dear one's cure is certain if he gets away. Here are the ways and means. I am prepared to make any sacrifice, but if ever my husband knew, he would not look upon it in that light and it would be the end of all things. Mind, my friend has never suggested what I say, but I know.

"What shall I do—take this offer and know I have been the means of his cure, and keep 'this thing' my secret; or refuse it and see him daily grow nearer the end and know I could have saved him?"

"Humanist" says:—*You have answered your own question. You realise that your husband would not agree to your selling your honour at any price. You must not do it. Why not find another and more honourable lodger? That would solve the problem.*

When Husbands Repent

"MY sister has asked me what she should do in a certain matter. Her husband, who is in hospital dying, with an incurable disease, admits that he has not been to her as he might have been, which is quite true.

"My sister is a good, hard-working woman, and has worked to keep her three children and her husband who has hardly done a day's work since he married her. And when she has come home from a hard day's work she has been met by a drunken husband who has insulted her.

"I am telling you this so that you may judge. Now that he knows he is incurable, he repents his treatment of her, and tells her that he would die more contented if there was someone who would take care of her when he has gone.

"And now my sister has told me in confidence that there is someone who cares for her, and whom she cares for, and will marry her as soon as she is free and will also be a good father to her children.

"But now she asks—should she tell her husband? Don't you think it best that she should, as her mother-in-law has discovered her secret and threatens to tell her son? She would no doubt put it in a different light, as she is inclined to be a vindictive woman."

"Humanist" says:—*Your sister should tell her husband if she believes that he is really anxious for her welfare. It may hurt his feelings, but if the mother tells it will hurt more.*

The Old Lover

"VALET to a very wealthy man in the late sixties, I have grown old in his service, and through the long years he and I have become deeply attached to each other. Some months ago my employer became acquainted with a young couple, brother and sister, and he quickly fell in love with the girl. Two weeks ago an engagement of marriage was arranged.

"I strongly suspect the two of being mere adventurers, and that the designs of both are far from being honest. Of course there is nothing exactly illegal in any of their scheming, but I feel I should save this weak old man from himself.

"What steps could I take? If I tell my master exactly what I think, I am afraid his intense love for the lady would cause him to dismiss me from his service. Yet I cannot stand for long the slow reduction of my master to beggary."

"Humanist" says:—*It is not the business of a valet to control his employer's love affairs. But if you get better evidence of evil intentions, you are entitled to ask your master to release you and help you in any way he can. If he asks you why you wish to go, you are entitled to tell him.*

The Father's Crime.

"My husband embezzled his employer's money and died in jail. Our daughter is about to marry a very rich man who does not know of her father's crime. Should I let her marry in ignorance of the truth?"

Let the past lie buried. A daughter is not responsible for her father's sins. Her fiancé loves her for herself.

Buying Love.

"My girl's mother, who is carrying on with another man, wants me to lend her £25. My girl wishes me to do so. I don't suppose I shall ever get the money again. Should I lend it? Is it not buying love?"

The golden rule is: "Give all you can afford, but don't lend." If you can afford a gift of £25 use your own discretion.

Eugene Aram.

"My husband, whom I respected but did not love, was reported missing and later dead in France. A year after I married a sailor. My husband has turned up, and I have not told him. What shall I do?"

You must tell him, and perhaps he will release you. A wise man does not wish a woman to remain with him knowing that her heart is elsewhere.

The Lost Sheep.

"My young brother has just been released from Borstal, and I am sure he will keep straight if someone is kind to him. I encourage him to come and see me and my husband. My two elder brothers say that if I have anything to do with this jail-bird they will not come round any more. What am I to do?"

Your young brother is not a "jail-bird"—but perhaps he will be if you do not help him. Stick to him. He is worth more than the other two.

Father and Son.

"My brother is a Band of Hope superintendent. My father is a confirmed drunkard, and compels him to do all the work connected with his temperance appointment away from home. Now my brother says he will leave the house."

Your father is in the wrong, even though it is his home. Reason with him: even a drunkard may have a good heart, but may naturally resent temperance lectures in his home.

A Woman Blackmailer.

"Some time ago I was guilty of an indiscretion with a young woman, and now I am being regularly induced to pay her sums of money to stop her exposing the truth to my wife, whose maid she was at the time."

Never submit to blackmail. Above all, do not ruin your family to pay money to an undesirable woman. Tell her you will consult the police if she does not keep quiet. Blackmailers are usually cowards.

Hard Lines.

"I have discovered that my elder sister, as I thought, was really my mother, and that I am illegitimate. She was betrayed by a young German baker, who was a lodger in the house, at the age of 19. My sister-mother is dead, having left £500, to which I have no claim, being illegitimate. Her mother gets all. Have I any rights?"

Under our law you cannot claim the money, but your grandmother ought certainly to leave it to you in her will. Try and get on with her and deserve her confidence and affection.

The Still Small Voice.

"At 16 I lost my mother, and at 18 had a child, the father of which left me. Some years later I met a married man, separated from his wife, fell in love with him, went to live with him, and have now three children. I am very happy, and my father visits me; but still there is something—call it conscience if you like—that worries me."

You do not ask me what you should do, though this seems to be in your mind. In the circumstances, of course I can only tell you that you ought not to desert your children or deprive them of a father's care.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

The Three Musketeers

STANLEY BALDWIN, J. Ramsay MacDonald and Herbert Henry Asquith were charged with creating a disturbance. Asked how they pleaded, Baldwin said that, not being a clever man, he could not understand the charge; Asquith announced that he would wait and see, and MacDonald explained that he was unable to plead, as he had received no instructions on the point from the Trades Union Conference.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., representing the Bull public, said that the charges had been brought as the outcome of a series of violent disturbances in which the accused had taken part, and as a result of which the public had suffered great inconvenience, business had been held up and Christmas trade prospects affected in a most prejudicial manner.

"The prisoners," continued Mr. Watchdog, "have done everything that could be done to irritate ordinary citizens. They have let off fireworks, sent up kites, hurled brickbats about the landscape, drawn red-herrings across the national highway, indulged freely in insulting and inflammatory language and consistently endeavoured to blind or choke the electors with clouds of rhetoric dust, pretending that their actions were dictated by a desire to assist the unemployed.

"Baldwin assures us that if we put taxes on currants and tinned salmon there will soon be work for all; Asquith holds up his hands in pious horror at the thought of the workless having to pay more for their Christmas pudding, which they won't be able to afford in any case; while MacDonald shouts that the only way to provide work is to confiscate the money of those who pay salaries and wages. They all know in their hearts that neither Freetection, nor the Weefree Trade or the Capital offence will alleviate the industrial situation during the present winter. The alleged merits of these nostrums are being lustily proclaimed merely in the hope of diverting attention from the condition of intellectual poverty to which our statesmen have been reduced."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, for the defence, urged that this was Baldwin's first offence. He had not so much deliberately created a disturbance as slipped into one. To paraphrase the classic plea of the housemaid, the thing had come to pieces in 'is 'ands. Both Asquith and MacDonald, admittedly, were old offenders. The former had probably been actuated by a desire to secure his share of the family limelight, while on behalf of Macdonald it might be urged that he was not a free agent, and any misconduct of which he had been guilty had been planned by others.

The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty" against the accused.

"The prisoners," said Mr. Justice Bull, "have been creating a most unseemly disturbance by waging a sham fight all over Britain. The serious problem of unemployment for which each so impudently claim to have a solution, cannot be solved by juggling with tins of salmon or by dragging ancient party skeletons from their coffins and proclaiming the sacred nature of their bones. There will not be work for the workless until Europe's trade is permitted to flow through its normal channels, which will only happen when trade with Russia is restored and Germany is again made available as a market for European commerce.

"Instead of working to set the wheels of industry in motion, these men have wasted precious time hurling at one another gibes, taunts, jeers, sneers, second-hand epigrams and badly mixed metaphors. In these circumstances I feel bound to impose severe penalties. I therefore direct that each of the prisoners shall forthwith proceed to eat his own words, this being roughly equivalent to a sentence of seven years' indigestion."

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelope "Pie.")

"WEST SUSSEX GUARDIAN":—"He returned from America in 1913 to look after his MOTHER'S WIFE and children and his father."

"HANDY STORIES":—"Someone tapped on her door from outside, and at the same moment Richard came in FROM THE DRESSING-TABLE."

"NELSON LEE LIBRARY":—"The junior commanded the man to TURN OVER ON HIS BACK, and to lie still. The man having obeyed, Boots knelt IN THE SMALL OF THE FELLOW'S BACK, and laid the revolver down."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"As the train ROUNDED A CURVE the unfortunate man was thrown off and killed."

"ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD":—"Sunshine was followed by lightning and thunder, and the HAILSTORMS that fell were AN INCH IN SIZE."

"SUSSEX EXPRESS" (advert.):—"Wanted, working head gardener; must understand thorough culture of FLOWERS under glass, especially carnations, GRAPES CUCUMBERS AND MELONS."

"BIRMINGHAM EVENING DISPATCH":—"He collided with a MOTOR-CYCLE, WHO DIED nine hours later from injuries."

"IRISHWOMAN'S WEEKLY":—"A little glycerine and rose-water will make even the reddest HEAD look soft and white."

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

If France to pay her debts intends
It's time she made a start;
We don't quite like the sort of friends
Who find it hard to "part."

When in its bed extremely dead
For donkey's years it's lain,
It seems unkind and ill-designed
To dig it up again.

"My feelings on these points," says John,
"Are growing quite intense;
I've 'got the spike' and don't quite like,
This sitting on the fence."

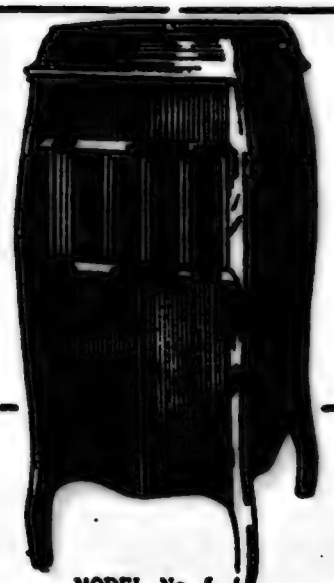
If [illegible] gets the [illegible]—
As prophesied by rumour—
We'll know that Fritz has lost his wits
But kept his sense of humour.

FULLOTONE

CHRISTMAS GIFT TO "JOHN BULL" READERS.

This magnificent offer results from our successful endeavours to provide the perfect gramophone at half the usual shop prices. Buy at first-hand direct from the factory—don't pay unnecessary shop profits.

MODEL No. 2A.
Beautifully finished Cabinet, chiefly of mahogany, as illustrated, but not inlaid, 3 ft. 4 in. high. Swiss double-spring 3-record motor. "FULLOTONE" JUNIOR sound-box, and all latest improvements.
FACTORY PRICE, Carriage Paid U.K. £7 : 10
or 6 Monthly Payments of 26/-.
No. 2 Model Inlaid Sheraton, as illustrated, 5/- extra.



MODEL No. 5.
Solid Mahogany Cabinet, 3 ft. 4 in. high. Powerful Swiss double-spring 3-record motor, "FULLOTONE" high-grade sound-box, special tone-control shutters, holds 100 records. All 1923 improvements.
FACTORY PRICE, Carriage Paid U.K. £11 : 11
or 6 Monthly Payments of 40s. 6d.

OUR RIGID GUARANTEE.
On receipt of remittance "FULLOTONE" is sent carriage paid. If dissatisfied after 7 days' free trial, return and we refund money in full.
Write for NEW Illustrated Catalogue and deferred terms.
TRADE ENQUIRIES INVITED.
Full range of 20 models on view at
THE CABINET GRAMOPHONE CO.
(Dept. J.B. 9)
223, G. College St., Camden Town, N.W.1
North 2235.
and the Service Company, 280, High Holborn, W.C.; T. & J. Roberts, Moorhead, Sheffield; and Evans & Owen, Bartlett Street, Bath.

THE sport of gentlemen is now in full swing. There is no need for me to rub in the purity of the National Hunt game; still less need for me to get funny about it, for there is very little to choose between the flat and the high timbers in the matter of commercial honesty. There are "fiddlers" at both games, just as there are gentlemen following both rules; for jumping is very much like flat-racing in this respect, that people are trying to get money out of it.

Horses to Follow.

Somebody has written to ask me to give them a list of horses to follow at the jumping game, but, with the best will in the world, I cannot oblige. Until the entries for the big steeplechase are out in January next, it is suicidal to offer a list of first-class jumpers; for the ca' canny policy is strenuously followed by those in charge of the good jumpers.

Dead Business.

From January onwards you are safe in following stables that have shown they possess a "park" of good performers, but before January the business—that is to say, the big professional business—is almost dead, and the plunges that are plunged are on horses that are known to be fit, and, generally speaking, the book tells the punter precious little to help him.

A Good Guide.

In this connection I would like to suggest to the readers of JOHN BULL that they get the *Sporting Life National Hunt Guide*, which is an unique publication, and will certainly be very useful to the tyro at the game, especially as my friend, the Editor, has anticipated my readers' wishes and has given a list of jumpers that might be followed throughout the year.

My Champions.

The Jockey Championship having been definitely settled, it is left to me to provide my own list of champions, and, leaving Elliott and Donoghue out of all consideration, I should certainly give first prize to Carslake, second to Bobby Jones, and a close third to young Smirke.

Carslake.

Carslake is a man I hate to see on a horse when I have backed something else in the race. He has a trick of looking beaten at the distance and coming up with one walloping run and depriving my children of their boots. Brownie is one of the most charming and courteous of men, a pleasant companion, and one of the few people on the Turf who can talk about something else than racing.

Bobbie.

Bobbie Jones is another perfectly mannered lad, whose success has not gone into his head or increased the size of his feet. An all-round horseman, he has won his way to the front by sheer merit, and he is certain, sooner or later, to be at the top of the tree and head the list of winning jockeys.

Smirke.

Smirke has steadied down during the year, and is a little less starchy and a little more efficient. He is a terrific pusher on a horse, and is one of the few jockeys who never get left at the post.

Lord Derby.

It was a foregone conclusion that Lord Derby would keep his place at the head of the list of winning owners. In fact, for the past month it has been absolutely impossible that he could have been headed. This is as it should be.

Sports and by ROWLEY

In Ireland.

I was talking to an Irish owner the other day and pointing out that a very well-known horse in Ireland had won a selling plate and there was no bid for him. "Doesn't that mean he's a pretty poor horse?" I asked. "Faith, no!" he said. "In Ireland, if anybody tries to buy our horses after a selling plate, we shoot him!" This makes plating a rather less expensive business than the auctioneer's job, and I should imagine that the Irish auctioneer not for a moment grows very fat on his perks.

My Jumper.

I think I shall have one good winner for readers of JOHN BULL in the jumping season. He is a horse that will run in my name and colours, and I'll let you know all about him a week before he starts. He is the best lepper I've seen for some time, and he is a stone certainty for a selling steeplechase.

Champs.

I see our late friends across the Channel are considering the institution of a championship race in France, with a prize of a million francs, which isn't as much as it looks, being something over £12,000. They talk of bringing over Zev and running Epinard against him, and if the owner of Zev is the biggest kind of mug in the world he'll accept the challenge. The French have a wonderful sporting instinct where money is concerned.

Good Luck, Steve!

Harking back to the sport of mugs, we have just time to bid Steve *bon voyage*. What a traveller! He's off to India to ride for Galstaun, who has not been very much in evidence in this country this year. Steve has ridden in four continents, and this, I think, is a record. He has ridden in South Africa, Europe and America, and now he adds Asia to his laurels. He's only got to pop across to Australia to hold a topside record.

Where Jockeys Hibernate.

Where do jockeys go to in the winter time? Beary goes hunting, Steve goes to India, Elliott stays at home, Carslake will probably hop across to Switzerland. I don't know where the jockey who rode a horse I backed last week will spend his winter. If I had any say in the matter, it would be somewhere warmer than St. Moritz.

ROWLEY MILESTONES

Poole starts the cross-country campaign with a string of 33 jumpers.

• • •

The most noteworthy newcomer to the jumping business, among prominent owners, is Lord Glanely.

• • •

It is hoped that Music Hall, the Grand National hero of 1922, will stand another preparation. He is at present in strong work at Whatcombe.

• • •

George Blackwell is a trainer of parts, but a good many people will be surprised if he succeeds in converting Dritter into a "Liverpool" winner.

• • •

Mr. Peter Roberts, who scored a noteworthy success at Liverpool, must be one of the oldest of our gentlemen riders. He is, moreover, an "amateur" of the true type.

• • •

Mr. Harry Brown, who met with such a nasty accident during a "schooling" gallop at Dunstall Park the other day, must also be nearing the veteran stage.

• • •

The mishap is likely to keep him out of the saddle for the greater part of the season.

JUMPERS TO NOTE.

Pins Fours.—This colt, which could boast a bit of form on the flat, has taken kindly to the jumping business. He is, moreover, certain to be well placed.

Bella'ia.—Now under the charge of "Ernie" Piggott at Letcombe Regis, this mare is not only remarkably well in herself but forward in condition. She is likely to win early in the season.

Super-Man.—Although he did not quite fulfil expectations at Liverpool, this horse was never so good as he is now. He will pay to follow in three-mile steeplechases.

Sun's Way.—Gifted with a capital turn of speed on the flat, this young horse is expected to show to considerable advantage over hurdles. He has shaped remarkably well in his preliminary lessons.

Will Swing.—Although he started at a long price, this young horse was a good deal fancied when narrowly beaten last time out. He will win races in moderate company.

Floss. This young mare jumps a country to the manner born. She is worth making a special note of for maiden steeplechases.

Skyflier. A sad disappointment on the flat, this colt, which is now trained by Jimmie Hare, is expected to pay his way over hurdles. At any rate, he shapes well at the game.

Quick March.—Pope is putting several young horses over the sticks this winter, and none of them holds out greater promise than this son of Hurry On. He may make a top-sawyer at the game.

The Ball Game

EVERTON have spent a lot of money since the war in an effort to build up a strong side, and have at last succeeded. They have never played better since League football was resumed than at the present, and must be reckoned as very dangerous opponents for any club, and too good for most. They will receive Birmingham at Goodison Park this week-end, and although the latter are better than their record suggests, I am taking Everton to beat them. Other home teams whose chances appeal strongly to me are Arsenal, Aston Villa, Bolton Wanderers, Burnley, Manchester City, Preston, Sheffield United and the 'Spurs. Cardiff City look the most likely away winners and Sunderland v. Huddersfield should be a fine fight with a draw the most likely result.

Division II. Forecasts.

Of the Second Division Clubs, four will be playing in the fifth qualifying round of the English Cup. They are Nelson, Coventry, Port Vale and Stockport. I expect the latter three to survive and Nelson will probably draw at Wigan. In the League home winners should be Derby, Fulham, Leeds U., Leicester City and Stoke. Bury are good enough to win at Bristol, and Bradford City v. the Orient looks like a draw.

Scottish Prospects.

One of the best matches in the Scottish League programme is that between Aberdeen and Raith Rovers in the "Granite City." The Rovers have the better record, but with ground advantage Aberdeen should hold them, and I shall look for a division of the points. In the other games I fancy the following home clubs will be winners: Airdrieonians, Celtic, Dundee, Hearts, Motherwell, Partick Thistle and Queen's Park. The Rangers ought to win at Clydebank, and Hamilton should get one point at Ayr against the United.

Sportsmen MILE

'Boro Troubles.

Club programmes have such an optimistic strain, that the pessimistic touch in a recent issue of Middlesbrough's official sheet shows that the directors are alive to the possibilities of relegation. The club once escaped the Second Division by having a shade the better goal average and that is even a closer thing than a short head in racing. "Only one position has been satisfactorily filled this season," says the club scribe, and I gather from other remarks that there is not the harmony there should be. Further, the 'Boro supporters might assist towards a better state of affairs with a little more consistent support.

What a Manager Thinks.

"Huddersfield are the best team in the country," said one of the most famous of Northern managers to me a few days back. "But," he added, "they won't be when Stephenson's days are over." I have before pointed out that Stephenson's genius has never been adequately recognised, but he has no hope of a cap now; it would make the F.A. look foolish to choose Clem at this period of his career!

Tip for Corinth.

I went to see the Corinthians play their first game against a professional side and on this form their Cup survival is going to be longer delayed than it was last season. My advice to the amateurs is to be true to the traditions of Corinth, which is to play—or attempt to—the same style of football as did their more famous predecessors. This comes natural to the ex-Varsity man, and it has additional value in the difficulty the pros. have in tumbling to it. We saw that last season, and the Corinthians should be 50 per cent. better than this when they find their best team.

No Brains Nowadays.

That the present off-side rule is spoiling the humble "bobber's" Saturday afternoons is plain enough to anybody, but as the legislators cannot agree as to whether there should be two or three men in between the attacking side when the ball was last played, we are likely to remain as we are. The difference is so vast that any change would be the biggest revolution known in football rules. A point we have to seriously consider is that an attacking player who has not the brains to keep behind the ball ought to go back to his original calling. Backs who try offside tactics against forwards like "Fanny" Walden soon turn it up, and if the same backs were up against the attacks of twenty years ago, they would not have the audacity to attempt them. The players of to-day are not only inferior footballers but inferior thinkers.

A Peter Pan.

Billy Watson is still pulling his weight for Burnley and keeping men a generation behind him out of the Lancashire team. Watson wants to stand in the way of nobody, but his club are still seeking a satisfactory successor. In his heyday Watson was the fastest half-back in the country, and if he does not run about as much as he used to, he has not yet slowed-up to the retirement stage. I know one or two of the Burnley directors who will be sorry when the day comes for Watson to turn the game in.

"Swans" Going Well.

I have heard so much of the ability of the Swansea team that I want to see their replay with Brighton. Welshmen say Swansea to get into the Second Division is the football nap (three stars) of the season, but there's a long galloping stretch between now and the end of next April. I mention this because I have been "put wise" to the possibilities of Northampton, who I am told have not had a happier or more capable band of players for a decade. One can't be everywhere, but I shall be seeing the "Cobblers" before the season is much further advanced, and then I shall know more about them. Nothing pleases me more than the advance of a comparatively obscure side. I hear Myers, Northampton's outside left, has caught the eye of several scouts of the big clubs, but his directors will be wise to turn down any offers until Northampton are out of the Cup.

A Change Wanted.

A year ago, JOHN BULL had some flattering remarks to pass about the Bury centre-forward, Bullock. Therefore we dislike his relegation to the reserve team, and while Bullock undoubtedly will come back, a change of atmosphere may be necessary before he touches his past form again. Several clubs are already nibbling, but as Bullock is one of the wise men who likes to ally football to his own job, he may not leave Lancashire if his transfer is arranged.

Taking the Odds.

My Rugby friends are taking all the long odds they can get about Cambridge winning the inter-Varsity Rugby match. There are no betting lists in the oval-ball game, but this is not to say a very fair sum does not change hands over the annual battle of the Blues. Some of the old hands predict Oxford going stale before the momentous day, and with the Cantabs finding a bit of form, there is not likely, after all, to be a repetition at Twickenham of the Zev-Papyrus business.

FORECASTS FOR DEC. 8.

ENGLISH LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.
Home Winners.
Blackburn Rovers, *Cardiff City, Chelsea, Huddersfield, Liverpool, *Newcastle, Notts County.
Away Winners.
*Spurs, Aston Villa.
Draws.
*Birmingham v. Everton, West Ham v. Bolton.

ENGLISH LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.
Home Winners.
*Bury, *Clapton Orient, Hull City, Manchester U., *Oldham, *Southampton, South Shields.
Away Winners.
*Derby County, Barnsley.
Draws.
Blackpool v. Fulham, Wednesday v. Stoke.

THIRD DIVISION.—NORTHERN.
Home Winners.
*Ashington, *Bradford, Crewe, Lincoln, *New Brighton, Southport, *Wigan, Barrow.
Away Winners.
Halifax, *Wolves.
Draws.
*Chesterfield v. Tranmere.

THIRD DIVISION.—SOUTHERN.
Home Winners.
Brentford, Brighton, Merthyr, *Plymouth, *Portsmouth, Southend, Swindon, *Watford.
Away Winners.
*Swansea.
Draws.
Bascombe v. Luton, *Bristol Rovers v. Northampton.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
Home Winners.
*Dundee, Falkirk, *Hearts, *Morton, Raith Rovers, *Rangers.
Away Winners.
Celtic, Motherwell.
Draws.
Clyde v. Ayr, Hamilton v. St. Mirren.
(For coupon purposes nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

WELCOME BACK.

THE sooner Syd Puddefoot comes back to play Soccer in London the better. He went from West Ham to Falkirk at the high price of £5,000, and if the Scottish club seem likely to drop a bit on a retransfer, they cannot say they have not had full value for the difference.

Unfortunately, like other centre-forwards, Puddefoot has been the victim of his own genius. When he was playing in Second Division football he was a marked man and since he has been in Scotland he has not been able to move a couple of yards without a couple of opponents following him. This is one of the penalties of skill when, as in these days, it is so limited. He did once get a little respite at Falkirk at outside left but that's no place for a born centre-forward.

Perhaps Puddefoot's greatest asset is his discrimination. He knows when to dribble the ball, when to hold it and when is the moment for a burst on his own. And he has a lovely shot in either foot.

Puddefoot missed a cap through going to Scotland, even if he played in a couple of Victory Internationals. He may not get this honour now, but there are other achievements in front of him.

Andy Wilson Passes By!

So Andy Wilson is saying "Good-bye" at long last to Middlesbrough. Without a doubt the greatest centre-forward of our time, Andy has been an invaluable asset to the Borough—as he will be to his new club. And I have just a suspicion that he will feel more at home.

BOXING.

The Boxing Farce.

British boxing has come to a sorry pass when Goddard who was practically knocked out in the second round of his fight with Bloomfield is virtually British Heavyweight Champion. Would it not have been wiser to have declared the farce no fight. Obviously Bloomfield is by far the better man with championship possibilities, while Goddard is little more than a joke.

The Money Lure.

The only way to prevent a repetition of these one-sided contests is to withhold a part of the purse money from the loser who goes out ingloriously. These fighting men merely gull the sporting public with such empty phrases as "I shall win," "I've never felt fitter in my life," when in their own heart of hearts they know they haven't an earthly. It's the money they're after.

Siki.

The New York Board of Control lifted their prohibition to allow Siki to meet one of their own boys, and Siki got the pasting which the wild, woolly nigger has been seeking for such a long time.

Wells.

I was dining the other night with Bombardier Billy Wells, and that good-looking giant had a few frank words to say about many things which he would not like me to repeat. About himself he said: "No, I don't think I shall ever attempt to come back. It would take me twelve months to get fit, and anyway I would not risk another disappointment for my public. And they have been a wonderful public to me."

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Is Birth Control Immoral?

Our Readers Air Their Views on This and Other Subjects

For East and West.

It is a pity that there should have been so much adverse criticism of Birth Control. When one thinks of the slums with houses filled with children, and then of the West-End mansions with only very few children, one feels that what prevails in the West should also be good enough for the East. Bringing up a *small* family in comfort is surely of more good to the country than starving a host of youngsters amid surroundings of poverty.—*Helen Sims, Felixstowe.*

Instinct of Morality.

A. W. Russell's letter asserting that the supposed increase of immorality is due to a greater knowledge of Birth Control ought to raise a protest from all fair-minded people. In the average woman, modesty and morality are innate, and amount almost to an instinct, and the suggestion that a woman will throw aside the cloak of purity because she knows she is immune from maternity is damnable, to say the least of it.—*Morality, Belfast.*

Pitfalls.

There is quite a danger that if the practice of Birth Control becomes general it may lead to immorality. If such knowledge falls into the hands of young girls—or even of women—the fear that has kept many of them virtuous will vanish. Not all women are chaste by inclination. And with the removal of fear of consequences anything might happen. The big idea of Birth Control is good, but its dangers are too great to be overlooked.—*Mrs. E. M., Hull.*

The Worker's Voice.

Living in a working-class district, I cannot agree with Mr. Russell, who says that knowledge of Birth Control has increased immorality. The modesty of the British girl, handed down through generations of hard-working, clean-living, moral mothers, will protect her. Immorality may have increased, but for a different reason. When one of our girls falls it is only (initially at least) to one who has gained her confidence, and whom she *wants* as husband and father of her children.—*E. W., Portadown, Ulster.*

"Danger in a Blessing."

Re A. W. R.'s letter, I have seen at the maternity clinic quite a number of unmarried girls who have partaken in illicit intercourse and have become pregnant in spite of using the precautions advocated in some books on "Birth Control." Let the individuals who indulge in immoral pursuits remember that contraceptives are unable to prevent that other grave risk—venereal disease. This will surely leave the infected person a crock if it does not prove fatal soon after it is contracted.—*Pro Bono Publico, Medical School, Dublin.*

A Slump in Babies.

Will the poorer classes who breed such large families, burdening themselves and cheapening labour by glutting the market, ever realise the power they hold? Gold is valuable because it is scarce; human labour would also grow valuable if it were difficult to obtain. Considering the rapid spread of Birth Control knowledge, is it fantastic to imagine the power organised as the strike power is organised? Opinion may differ on the ultimate results, but one fact remains: this is what a Government with an unemployment policy like the present one most richly deserves.—*Gabriel G. Grindley, Lampeter.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Selfish Pleasures.

With reference to the subject of Birth Control, I am sorry to see such a view as "a blessing to young married couples" expressed by a British citizen. Surely the only Birth Control consistent with nobleness of thought and purity of mind is for our young people to exercise sufficient will power to forego a selfish pleasure the normal and natural consequences of which they cannot afford or have not the courage to face.—*R. H. T., Junr., Chelmsford.*

"Teaching Boys Rubbish."

If the statements made by E. E. Purnell be true, namely, that a "healthy boy, aged 9 years, can't say his A.B.C. properly," then there is only one conclusion to arrive at, and the sooner the fond parent understands that such a child does *not* possess "the average amount of brains," the better for the much disparaged teacher. Strawplaiting is generally employed in infant schools for the purpose of developing hand muscles, and in upper departments for expression of artistic talent.—*A. Bowden, Pontypridd.*

"Good-bye, Piccadilly."

"A Gentleman with a Duster" obviously knows nothing of the psychology of the British Tommy. His idea that "Tipperary" was the soldier's anthem because it referred to Piccadilly and Leicester Square is absurd and is, as a matter of fact, refuted by the very words of the song itself. Educationally speaking, Tommy's standard is, at least, as high as the average civilian's. "Tipperary," with its swinging lilt, was infinitely more expressive of our soldiers' spirit than certain of our national airs, and that is why it was sung.—"*One of French's 'Contemptibles,'*" *Inverness.*

Making One Man Rich.

Regarding all this rot of "no licence," would it not be better to settle it by Act of Parliament instead of wasting both time and money by polling every three years? What is the sense of breaking a town up into wards so that if one ward goes dry and the other remains wet, the people of the dry ward flock to the wet ward. It is only taking from one publican and giving to another.—*J. S., Glasgow.*

The People's Poll.

I have read Mr. Strachey's article, "A Poll of the People," and feel his scheme must be condemned, because the text of an Act of Parliament is couched in language difficult to be understood by those without a legal mind. Such explanations as would appear in the Press would be liable to distortion—a serious menace in view of the monopoly of the Press.—*C. F. Campbell, Cove, Hants.*

Abolish Strikes.

Your correspondent, H. A. Bulby, is right when he says that wanton strikes are responsible for much unemployment. Surely the combined intelligence of the nation can devise means of settling disputes without recourse to strikes? Work is the only thing which will improve the well-being of the country; therefore forbid strikes, and let all matters be dealt with by a competent committee fully empowered to compel both sides to submit all relevant information.—*Cuba Neuk, Scarborough.*

Dancing Partners.

Dancing, like every other recreation, has its limitations, and your correspondent is out to create an erroneous impression when he suggests that many girls go out dancing night after night, whereas two nights per week would satisfy most. I also refute his assertion that "young men on the look-out for a life partner do not often choose their dancing partner." As one who married my dancing partner, I make bold to state that 75 per cent. of ballroom habitues marry their dancing partner.—*A Dancer, Belfast.*

Poincaré Not France.

May a Frenchman who fought all through the war suggest that your "Hats Off" cranks are talking *through* their hats when they say that Poincaré has all France behind him. I can tell your readers that there is very strong discontent throughout France with the handling of the Ruhr question and especially with the manner in which Poincaré has driven a wedge into the Entente. Sooner or later there will be an explosion. French public opinion is slow to exert itself, but the limit of patience is being reached.—*Leon Poirel, West Norwood, S.E. 27.*

No Circus—or Clowns!

I thoroughly disagree with Mr. Gardiner calling the coming Election a circus for the unemployed. It is a genuine effort of the Conservative Government to provide work for them by protecting the markets, in which British goods are sold, from unfair foreign competition. The Liberals did not solve the problem. The Labour Socialists will never do it. But this Government has a practical plan it wishes to try, and Mr. Baldwin is more concerned about setting the out-of-work British workmen on their feet than setting Central Europe, otherwise Germany, on hers.—*T. A. Maritan, Falmouth.*

[*Mr. Baldwin said at Plymouth: "To pay reparations Germany must be placed in a position to pay."*—ED.]

Capital Levity!

When is the Labour Party going to drop its Capital Levy cry? With the General Election upon us, many level-headed men who would otherwise support the Labour Party are deterred from doing so by its short-sighted policy in this direction. Surely the failure of the idea in Europe has been a sufficient lesson without any power in this country aiming such a deadly blow at British industry.—*A Would-be Labourite, Surrey.*

On Other Pages

THE result of the "Bargains" competition will be found on page 4, where another competition is announced.

YOUR particular attention is drawn to the "Bullets" bumper Christmas offer announced this week.

BUYING a second-hand motor-car is a tricky job. On page 27, "Motomac" gives some sound advice.

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The "Patrician" is the only Make-over Gramophone on the whole market. Gives all of reproduction, the best attributes in a perfect way. Plays 8 to 9 records without winding. Cash price £12, or 10% monthly. Illustrated catalogue, Gramophone Dept. Gutteridge Bros., Southampton Court Rd., London, W.C.1.

GREY HAIR

A Simple Harmless Method which causes Grey Hair to vanish like magic. No "dabbing" the hair by dye connections, but the pigmentary cells become revitalised, and produce fresh colour the same shade as in earlier years. This is the one Genuine Prescription that restores the colour by a natural process. The remedy is harmless and will help develop a strong and beautiful growth of hair. A special

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

of charge can be had at the address below, or the same will be sent in a plain sealed package on receipt of 1/- to cover cost of postage, etc. Address—Mrs. Mary K. Thompson, Suite 158, V, Bell Line Bldgs., London, W.C.

You can't wrap them up in cotton-wool.

THEY have too much vitality and you should be glad of it. Boys all love to get dirty. The dirtier they get the happier they become. There's no harm in that, if mothers show them the Lifebuoy way to cleanliness afterwards.

A simple knowledge of the functions of the skin justifies the selection of Lifebuoy Soap as the ideal soap for toilet and bath. Its antiseptic lather, like a sentinel of health, guards each tiny skin pore and prevents disease germs from impairing the physical well-being of all who use it. Health may literally be said to be washed into the skin as the dirt is washed away.

Wash face and hands with it—
bathe with it—shampoo with it.

The name LEVER *on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.*

LIFEBUOY SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

L.234—26

Motoring for the Million

by MOTOMAC.

GETTING hold of a cheap secondhand 'bus is often the beginning of the motorist's career. The low prices of the new models are already reflected in the bargain lists of the dealers. This is the time of the year to look around.

Getting ready for the new means getting rid of the old, and the tax period is expiring.

It is possible to pick up quite a serviceable car for £100, and not too old at that. The idea is quite sound. All the early driving faults can be worked off without spoiling anything valuable. Depreciation has already been met by the previous owner.

A careful buyer can get value for his money. A novice can get badly stung.

An advertisement which looked particularly good was investigated the other day. A Sunbeam which had done only 3,000 miles in perfect condition was advertised at a very low figure.

On examination, no Wolverhampton imprint on the engine. W.D. (War Department) imprint on the tyres, or what was left of them. Running parts evidently very much worn, probably a reconstructed war car; a novice might have fallen for it, and there was certainly no reason for warning the dealers off, for none of them would have touched it.

SOME private bargains may be real; the inference is that the dealers' profit is being saved. Mostly there is a vastly different reason. If you know the history of the car intimately, it is safe to buy it. Hearsay is never to be trusted, and the tale which arouses the deepest suspicion, in my mind, is the cock-and-bull story that it belonged to Lord Tommoddy or some other eminent person. The registration card is a fair guide, not only for age, but for performance.

If a car three years old has had about six owners, beware! It has a yellow streak somewhere, probably painted white for the time being, but it will show up when put to any real test. It may be a whale for petrol, but you would never find out on a trial run.

It may have some inherent mechanical fault which constantly causes trouble, but faked up for the time being.

IT is never advisable to buy a make even secondhand where the maker is no longer in business, except at a knockout price. You will be told that spare parts can always be made, but if you need them you have to find the man who will make them, and that is never so easy as wiring for them if you have a breakdown in a rural spot, hundreds of miles from home.

If you have spotted your bargain, it is best to call in expert advice. Independent examination is not expensive. A guinea spent before may save a hundred spent after.

While private bargains do come along, on the whole it is better to depend on a well-established dealer. Generally speaking, they turn over the car at a very moderate profit, especially if they have taken it in part payment for a new car.

In their own interests they don't buy "duds," even secondhand. In many cases they give a limited guarantee.

Should you be dissatisfied they are generally willing to make a reasonable exchange, but you can't go back on a private bargain, and you have little chance of redress with some types of private dealers, even where you can prove misrepresentation.

***

For further particulars about cars and accessories send coupon on page 2

GET THIS COAT NOW.

It is a WINTER OVERCOAT and a RAINCOAT COMBINED IN ONE.

So great has been the demand that our stock of materials is running low, and we are afraid we shall not be able to continue the supply very much longer.

Triple-Proofed Gabardine

Trench Coat

(The famous Officer's Coat).

This is a coat for a lifetime, being absolutely stormproof and weatherproof, and affording complete protection against the most inclement weather. Its unique features are:—

1. It is lined with smart check plaid.
2. It is rubber interlined.
3. It has a detachable wool lining (for cold weather use) which can be fixed or removed in a minute.
4. All materials used in the production of this coat are guaranteed fast dyes and unshrinkable.

A COMBINED WINTER OVERCOAT AND RAINCOAT.

CURZON'S were the first to introduce this Coat at a popular price. When costs of materials were high two years ago, we were selling this Coat at 70/- when others were asking 90/- to 120/-.

For this Season we have been fortunate in arranging for large supplies of the materials, enabling us to offer this famous Coat complete for £2 Carriage paid by Parcel Post to your door.

It is important to remember that the quality of the garment is exactly the same as when the Coat was sold at the higher price.

It is equally important to remember that the price of the Curzon Coat includes the Detachable Wool Lining, for which some other firms ask 10/- to 20/- extra.

This lining can be removed without in any way affecting the smart appearance of the coat, and in this way can be worn in warm or mild weather. There are buttons sewn on inside the coat and buttonholes on the wool lining which enables it to be securely fastened on in a minute and thus makes the coat during cold weather equal to a winter overcoat as well as a Raincoat. The only coat on the market that answers the purpose of two or more coats. Post free on receipt of £2, under our guarantee to refund your money should the coat on delivery fail to give satisfaction. These coats can also be supplied in Navy Blue, guaranteed fast dye, at 45/- carriage paid.

When ordering give your height and chest measurement (taken over waistcoat).

Orders by post to be sent to

CURZON BROS., Ltd.

The World's Measure Tailors,

New Head Depot:

36 & 37, New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4

THESE COATS CAN BE OBTAINED AT OUR HEAD DEPOT AS ABOVE AND BRANCHES AS FOLLOWS:—

WEST END: 148, Strand, W.C.; 431, Strand, W.C.; 112, New Oxford Street, W.C.; 29 & 29, Chancery Lane, W.C.; 88, Southampton Row, W.C.; 12, Old Compton Street, W.

CITY: 70 & 72, City Road, E.C.; 24, Liverpool Street, E.C.; 103, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.; 18, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 16, The Arcade, Liverpool Street Station (Met.), E.C.; 78, Aldersgate Street, E.C.; 115, Fleet Street, E.C.; 272, Bishopsgate, E.C.

ALSO AT:—

DEPTFORD, WOOLWICH, FOREST GATE, SHOREDITCH, EUSTON, POPLAR, FINCHLEY, KINGSTON, RICHMOND, TWICKENHAM, SUTTON, SOUTHEND, WESTCLIFF, WIMBLEDON, HOVE and GRAVESEND.

Fill in this Coupon or order by letter mentioning JOHN BULL.

To CURZON BROS., LTD., 36 & 37, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

Please send me one of your coats as advertised. carriage paid for £2 (if Navy Blue, 45/-) under your guarantee to refund money if on receipt of the garment I am not fully satisfied.

My height is.....

My chest measure (taken over waistcoat) is.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

FOR

Half-a-Crown

YOU CAN BE

WHIRLED

INTO

HAPPINESS

By Winning the First Prize of

£5,000

IN THE

Blind Ballot

In aid of the National Institute for the Blind

(Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920)

UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

Think of it! Five Thousand Pounds for five sixpences: and there are other wonderful prizes. £2,000, £1,000, and heaps more amounting to

£10,000 in Prizes.

Take as many tickets as you can afford, as the happiness of large numbers of Blind people depends upon the success of this Competition, and in doing this for the Blind you may bring yourself wealth beyond your wildest dreams.

Tickets can be obtained from 54, Church St., Blackpool; 12, Oxford Street, Manchester; and from

The Hon. Treasurers, BLIND BALLOT, Palace Chambers, Bridge St., Westminster, LONDON, S.W.1.

Please send me..... 2/6 Ticket(s).

I enclose {P.O. Cheque value.....and stamped addressed envelope.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

(Please write distinctly and in ink). J.B.6.

GRAVES

WORLD'S BEST CYCLE

Reaches the highest point of All-British excellence, and is the finest cycle value in the world.

Delivered carriage paid to approved orders for 10/- with order, balance in 10 monthly payments of 10/- if you are entirely satisfied. Money back if disappointed.

Specification: Reynold Chain, Gloucester A-Won Tyres, Brampton's Rims, Dunlop Wood-wood Rims, Bowden Brakes, B.B.A. Free Wheel, Reynold's Steel Tubing, Spiral Spring Saddle &c. £7 : 10 : 0

All-black model, if desired same price

Write for Catalogue Post Free

Send to day for the Graves Cycle Catalogue. Three-speed models, &c., on Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

WHY DID THE RABBIT BOLT?

Because a wise specimen read our hints about Ferrets, Draw Gears, Snares, Decoys, Nooses, Traps, etc. 68-page Book No. 27, 7d. post free (half actual cost), contains 127 illustrations, 990 lips for sportsmen. Tells how to shoot, trap and snare everything from a rat to a bear, from a linnet to a pheasant, etc. Guns from 15/- to £100, Revolver line, rabbit silent gun with 200 ball cartridges 20/- (no permit). Mauser 'Gift Bore with 50 all lead rook cartridges, 25/-. DO IT NOW! CLYDE ARMS, Dept. J.B.), 2, Little St., Charing Cross GLASGOW

John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply

PRO PATRIA (Hunstanton).—"Parliament had to find a solution." Precisely, that is why it dissolved.

J. B. (Clerkenwell).—"One man swears by free trade." And another man *at* it—what a game!

M. P. (Luton).—"Should one always tell the truth?" Yes, but don't be always telling it!

F. D. (Ipswich).—"Two small glasses of beer make me woolly-headed." Then we expect you knit your brows.

W. B. (Govanhill).—"You cannot class all men alike." Certainly not. Some men are no class.

M. A. (Streatham).—"If I attempt to express an opinion my brothers immediately turn me down." Probably that's to save the gas.

J. L. T. (Sunderland).—"Even among business people there are wheels within wheels." And some of them move in the best circles.

W. I. (Milk Lane).—"What can one do with an office-boy whom one has discovered pilfering the stamps?" Give him a good licking.

R. W. (Bolton).—"The moneyed classes don't please me." Still, as they can afford to please themselves, they're not worrying.

W. O. V. (Leamington).—"He is a funny boss who pays you more than you're worth." That would be where you laugh, wouldn't it?

LOGIC (Manchester).—"I am pro-French chiefly because I am very anti-German." And we are very decidedly and very pronouncedly pro-British.

S. R. P. (Salford).—"I consider the off-side rule is all wrong, although I play football myself." Clearly you have a kick coming.

L. B. (N.W.1).—"I am writing to you because I know you have written to me, although I have not yet seen the letter, and so do not know what you have said." Almost makes us believe in telepathy.

F. D. L. (Gloucester).—"It is very easy to be wise after the event." On the other hand, it seems impossible for some people to be wise under any circumstances.

Mrs. G. W. H. (Old Trafford).—"There is a lot of talk about teaching children too much." And a lot of talk about teaching them too little. It is *what* they are taught that matters.

G. H. S. (Liverpool).—"'No bare feet in New York' formed the top line of a newspaper article recently, describing what a traveller had seen on his visit to America." Reads to us more like what he *hadn't* seen.

R. T. (Coxwold).—"Politics are nothing but a game." Nice for the players, but expensive for the spectators!

E. G. (Arundel).—"Newspapers can be divided into two classes." Exactly—the Press and the Suppress!

R. H. (W.5).—"Can a woman hold different political views from her husband?" Yes—if she holds her tongue.

C. C. (Somerset).—"People around here are often desirous of having a bet." People around there are very like people around most other places.

WALLY (Saltburn).—"If I ever go to Russia I have a plan that will upset the Reds." You must have an elaborate colour scheme.

M. L. (Chelsea).—"When is the waste in Whitehall going to stop?" When the voter sends the right men to Westminster.

A. T. (Nottingham).—"I'm surprised at JOHN BULL wanting to trade with a lot of Bolshevists." We don't. We want the country to.

B. O. (Guernsey).—"It's an insult to any man's intelligence to expect him to trade with Germany." You're safe from insult, anyway.

S. M. (Cardiff).—"Our telephone service is a damned scandal." Tut! You mustn't let evil communications corrupt good manners.

P. R. (Newcastle).—"Few women know how to make up their minds." But most of them know how to mind their make-up.

D. Y. (Lancaster).—"The politician must listen to, and obey, the voice of the people." But isn't the voice of the people just a bit contradictory?

N. S. (Liverpool).—"Mr. Neville Chamberlain says that under the Housing Act 45,000 houses have already been approved." *We* want to know how many have been *built*.

Mrs. C. C. (Toronto).—"There are a number of people in Canada who have a very poor opinion of England." And they matter as little as the number of people in England who have a very poor opinion of Canada.

H. T. M. (Middlesbro').—"I am thinking of buying some Christmas presents, but that's as far as I get." Think of a good *Bullet* instead, and one of our Big Christmas Prizes may be yours.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full names and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

P. R. (Liverpool).—"Out of twenty-five present, the vote showed that twenty sided with me." There's a score now!

EGBERT (Prittlewell).—"Can you shape this up?" Sorry! we can only turn it down.

W. S. F. (Leeds).—"I am middle-aged and going grey." And we're no older and dancing the blues.

F. R. D. (Highbury).—"In fairness you must admit that my word is every bit as good as his." Just as you must admit his is every bit as good as yours.

P. T. E. (Bristol).—"You may very possibly consider my views practically unprintable." As it's practically unreadable, you're probably right.

W. R. W. (Leamington).—"Having been unfortunate enough to marry a woman who is a proper nag." What an ass.

LAWYER'S CLERK (——).—"Those who go about looking for evil will always find it, for it is in their minds." And planted in their souls.

M. T. (Acton Vale).—"This postcard is to warn you that I have a complaint that I will write you about later." Don't write us—see a doctor.

T. V. (Acton).—"I see the Cabinet only took three hours to decide to have this election." Never mind, they may have five years in which to repent.

H. D. (Great Harwood).—"Certain men in Britain are supplying foreign countries with machinery." And there would be still more unemployment if they didn't.

R. C. (Stafford).—"The really capable public speaker commands his audience the moment he takes the floor." If he takes the floor he certainly leaves his audience nothing to stand on.

S. T. (Cowes, I.O.W.).—"Concentration is needed to-day for success. The man with too many irons in the fire is playing a foolish game." Sounds something like poker to us.

J. L. N. (Plymouth).—"Lady Astor's attitude on some questions isn't to my liking, but I'm willing to risk another vote for her." Marking your ballot paper with an Astorisk, so to speak.

M. W. (Liverpool).—"Retailers charging more than a certain price should be prosecuted." It's the fact that the retailers' prices are so uncertain that worries us.

W. R. (E.1).—"The foreigner with his fresh ideas of life is a welcome addition to any community." It's just because his ideas are a bit too fresh that we don't want him.

F. M. (Steyning).—"I should like to call the attention of those that make the laws." Try again after December 6th. They're very busy just now wishing they hadn't made them.

B. K. (South Shields).—"The electon demand to be told the naked truth." That's the bare facts.

D. T. (Preston).—"I myself are none the better for that old method of teaching." So we see.

J. H. (Bolton).—"*Humanist* knows how to crack a nut." Since he read your letter he's been to see Winston's hatter.

D. F. (Bolton).—"I can see twice as much as most people." But why boast about seeing double?

W. A. T.-H. (Bexley Heath).—"Most people with the artistic temperament have a bee in their bonnet." Yet they don't find life all honey.

S. T. (York).—"I must confess that in this instance, at least, I don't follow your argument." Possibly because we're too far ahead of you.

FRED (Lisboro').—"A lot of girls get themselves up at night." But their mothers have to get them up in the morning.

G. D. (Troon).—"Alcohol is a useful spirit when used properly." Next time you're in London you must have one with us and hang the expense!

A. H. (Chelmsford).—"Many seances are absolute fakes." Sir Arthur Conan Doyle agrees with you, so far as at least one is concerned!

H. H. (Exeter).—"For 18 years I have been a reader of JOHN BULL, and have four children." What do you mean, madam?

E. B. (Balham).—"In our mental hospitals the insane have delusions." And on the election platforms the sane suffer from the same disease.

M. S. (Blackburn).—"The Labour Party wants something from somebody for nothing." In which case they'll be sadly disappointed.

R. E. E. (Radcliffe).—"Really! the young man of to-day is so terribly young." Don't worry! That's the easiest fault to grow out of.

P. R. (Cranbourne).—"In the old days, to reach the top we had to climb step by step." Whereas, in these days, somebody's been clever enough to invent a lift.

L. P. (Haggerston).—"A kindly disposition matters more to a woman than good looks." M'yes! but just ask any woman which of the two she would prefer to have.

B. P. (Canterbury).—"As has always happened, wives and sisters will give husbands and brothers Christmas presents of absolutely unwearable ties." More beavers next year!

J. C. (Friern Barnet).—"As an old reader of your valuable paper, I come to you for advice. For whom shall I vote?" Think for yourself and vote according to the dictates of reason.

S. A. (Hayle, Cornwall).—"I call helping the farmers a swindle. Let every trade and profession stand on its own bottom." The most likely way to get to the top.

F. P. L. (Doncaster).—"It would be more than interesting to know what the political candidates *really* think." Judging by some of their speeches, quite half of them don't think at all.

J. H. V. (Feltwell).—"I firmly believe that whenever a paper has something local in it, people take greater interest in it." Granted, of course, that the something local *is* of interest.

S. M. (——).—"Why do you call us such contemptible names? I am a man of colour and of excellent character." It is only the black-hearted black man we call contemptible names. Clearly you are not one of these.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Your Golden Xmas Gift

from

JOHN BULL

— For full particulars see Page 3. —

YOUR WINTER RAINCOAT

THE FAMOUS

SARTOR for 20/-

Carriage paid in the British Isles.

The Famous Sartor Raincoat can still be secured at 20/- carriage paid in the British Isles. There is no better value obtainable and Public demand has proved beyond all possible doubt that the Sartor Raincoat represents all that is best in Raincoat production. Each Model is perfectly tailored by experts from a fully proofed Gabardine, with warm cosy check lining.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.

Just your name and address on a postcard, and we will send a full range of FREE PATTERNS, Style Book (Ladies', Gents', Maids' and Youths') and an accurate self-measurement form.

SEND NO MONEY

First of all examine the Patterns carefully, and judge the value offered.

OUR GUARANTEE STILL HOLDS GOOD. Every SARTOR is guaranteed. If you are not satisfied, send the coat back, and we will refund the money.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.

(Dept. J.) 53, Oxford Rd. Manchester

2/6 Weekly

[illegible]

CASH £5 15s.

FURS

at WHOLESALE PRICES

The finest selection of beautiful ready made FURS in London to choose from. Every article of GUARANTEED QUALITY however low the price paid. *Inspection cordially invited, or write for New Illustrated Catalogue.*

THE WHOLESALE FUR CO., 145, Cheapside, E.C.

Showrooms: First Floor.

'TONSILS' 'ADENOIDS' and all CATARRHAL TROUBLES in Children and Adults should be treated by The KYNASTON Method

"95 per cent. of the operations for the removal of TONSILS and ADENOIDS are totally unnecessary."

THIS definite statement is made by Dr. Kynaston, one of the best known West End Throat, Nose and Ear Specialists, who, after years of study and practical application, has perfected a medical treatment which does away with those operations and is a certain remedy for CATARRH.

The treatment is so simple that it can be carried out with absolute confidence in your own home.

Write, enclosing 1½d. in stamps, or call for particulars

Director, Dr. Kynaston's Institute,

CONNAUGHT MANSIONS, 24, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

Telephone: Victoria 1843.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

The Standard Remedy For Over 50 Years

Safest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic Troubles. At all Chemists. 4s. 9d. a tin.

RIFANCO GRAMOPHONES

Best made, 26 models, from 34/- to £20. Hornless, Horned, Portables, Table Grands, 3 ft. 6 in. Pedestals Inlaid, Sheraton £6 10. Also Motors, from 12/6, and all Fittings for building and repairing Gramophones. 32 pp. Illustrated list, telling "How to make Gramophones," Trade supplied.

RIFKIND FITTINGS CO. (Dept. J.B.) 130, Old St., London, E.C.1. *Established 20 years.*

YOU MAY FIND SOMETHING TO YOUR ADVANTAGE IN THE **SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING,**

See page 5.

HAIR GROWING DISCOVERY.

Those who are bald or troubled with falling hair will be interested in Mr. Jack Evans' experience as related in the following letter:

"The small photo taken from a football group will show you how bald I was six months ago. The other photograph proves the wonderful growth of hair which has come through using three boxes of Kotalko.

"I had gradually been losing my hair for a long time, until at last I became almost completely bald, with hardly a hair on my head. My hair previous to the baldness was very straight and thin, whereas to-day it is a mass of wonderful curls.

"I can strongly recommend Kotalko to those who are bald, losing hair, or troubled with dandruff."

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) JACK EVANS.

Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This is composed of genuine bear fat, with the juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

TEST-BOX COUPON

Fill in name and address and post with threepence in stamps to JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53BG), London, W.1.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

This Man makes Money by Post—in his spare time!

because he devotes a few hours to his own Mail-order business.

YOU CAN ADD £5 A WEEK

(Or larger sums)

TO YOUR INCOME IN THE SAME WAY.

GREAT FREE BOOKLET

"By Post to Prosperity" SHOWS HOW

EVERY JOHN BULL reader should send for a copy of this wonderful free booklet to-day. It will show how you, too, at home in your spare time, can establish a successful business of your own. It tells in plain and simple language how you may add from £5 to £15 per week to your usual income, merely by devoting a few of your spare hours to an easy and fascinating occupation by starting a Mail Order business. The possibilities in the mail order business are unlimited. Ordering by mail is becoming increasingly popular. Shrewd buyers recognise that large savings can be effected by buying direct from firms with practically no overhead expenses and who are able to supply at low prices.

With the guidance of The Shaw Institute a person of average intelligence can make a lucrative income right from the commencement with only a few pounds capital to start.

You Can Start To-day.

It makes no difference in what locality you live. You can make a very lucrative income right from the commencement with only a small outlay. Your stock-in-trade need not consist of more than a small supply of goods—kept in a spare room—if you like, a few printed letters, and a pound or two in the bank.

There are no hard and fast rules to abide by. You are not bound to any one particular business.

The Shaw Institute teaches the whole mail order business, and as you progress, your business will be growing—also your bank balance.

The Shaw Institute contends that no matter what your circumstances are, a scheme can be outlined by which you can start without delay.

Read this from Student No. C. 1729.

"It is now exactly five months since I commenced your Mail Order course and I thought you might be interested to hear of my progress as a result of the same. I commenced trading immediately on completion of the third lesson, and have never looked back since then, in fact I now occupy my own office, a fact of which I think I can feel justly proud in so short a period. My present position I feel is solely due to your excellent course of instruction and also to the splendid profits obtainable. If only more people realised the enormous possibilities of Mail Order Trading I am sure there would be thousands enjoying a much more comfortable and less money-harassed life than there are at present. I consider it my best speculation. Thanking you for all your course has done for me and for your ever ready help when I have been in doubt,

Yours faithfully, Student No. C.1729.

The original of this letter and thousands more can be seen at the offices of the Shaw Institute.

Send no money. Write for this free booklet, "By Post to Prosperity," which shows how you can start a spare or whole-time business at home, points a quick certain way to a large income and shows how £5 can be made the basis of independence. Fill in the coupon while you think of it—now! There's no obligation.

COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

To the Secretary, The Shaw Institute,
(Dept. J.B. 25), 1, Montague Street, London, W.C. 1.

Please send me, FREE and Post Free, your brochure "By Post to Prosperity," and other literature on Mail Order trading.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. 25 .....

Meltis "Gaiety" Assorted CHOCOLATES

In very distinctive boxes—1-lb. & ½-lb. net.

5/- MONTHLY

are Masters' easy payment terms for this Ladies' **WINTER COAT**

the most beautiful coat you could wish for, charming in design, made of splendid quality A.I. WOOL Blanket Cloth that will keep you warm and snug on the coldest of winter days, and the large extra broad Astrakhan collar and cuffs create an attractive appearance that will be the envy of your friends. This model, our No. 3, is a wonderful coat of extreme beauty and extraordinary value, tailor made and tailor finished. Made in **NAVY, BEIGE, PEACOCK, MOLE or GREY,** 44, 48, or 52ins. length, with Astrakhan collar and cuffs in contrasting colours, finished in best style with good size patch pockets and belt. Price only £3 -, easy terms, 5/- now and 5 - monthly after delivery. Send 5 - now, state colour preferred and this beautiful coat is yours for 5 - deposit. Full satisfaction or deposit refunded. Send 5 - now for this beautiful coat. For those who prefer a superior coat, we supply a similar design in good quality VELOUR cloth with Extra Large Coney FUR collar, corded sides, cuffs and belt. Colours: Mole, Beaver, Nigger, Peacock, Navy or Cinnamon. A coat of very handsome appearance. Price only £3 - on easy terms, 10 - deposit and 10 - monthly. Send deposit, and say which coat we shall send you. Satisfaction or deposit refunded. Coats 59/- to £5. List FREE.

Or sent C.O.D. abroad on receipt of 10/- with order.

MASTERS, LTD., 32, HOPE STORES, **RYE.** PRICE LIST POST FREE

5? SAVED ASK YOUR GROCER **Jager's Snack** SWEET & MELLOW DO NOT THROW AWAY THE TIN GET IT REFILLED

3/- per lb Cheaper

XMAS GIFTS DIRECT FROM FACTORY!

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HANDSOME FLAT WATCH Highly polished Nickel Case. Reliable jewelled movement, accurately timed and adjusted. **7/6**

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"BULLETS" COMPETITORS!

? Have you sent yet for a FREE Specimen Copy of that unique paper, which has helped "Bulleteers" to win thousands of pounds in the last ten years? We refer to the ? **COMPETITORS' JOURNAL**

Every Saturday Price Twopence.

The "C.J." Advisory Dept. will examine and mark all efforts according to merit. This has proved a boon to all competitors. The latest big Advisory Triumph was the marking of a line "Very Good," which ultimately won £1,500.

No competitor in literary, picture or football competitions, can afford to be without it. Last week the "C.J." Football Expert gave an ALL CORRECT coupon for "Answers" and several readers will benefit by following him. Specimen copy sent free and post-paid on receipt of p.c. addressed:

The Publisher, The "Competitors Journal," 115, Fleet St. London, E.C.

A DREADED DISSOLUTION

Why We Must Appeal to the Country

THERE is a dissolution which is far more dreaded that that of Parliament. It is a domestic dissolution, a breaking up of homes. Distress due to unemployment is its cause.

In the course of our investigations of the many appeals for assistance from "The Greatest of These——" Fund, we have repeatedly been struck with the air of tranquillity about the homes of the poor—when viewed from the outside.

But enter, and the picture changes to one of desolation. The rooms are almost bare of furniture. The well-scrubbed floors are destitute of covering. In some instances there are no bedsteads in the sleeping apartment, and the family obviously retire to rest on matresses, and endeavour to keep out the cold by snuggling together under scanty rags of blankets and sacking.

For months they have been living on their exports, their customers being the local second-hand dealer and auctioneer of old furniture. The pinched housewife will confess to a sympathetic lady visitor that she has had to pawn even her underclothes to provide food for the children, but still they go hungry.

"What about the dole?" you ask. The man is not, and never has been, in an insurable occupation. "Parish relief?" They have been so long known and respected in the town that they have struggled to the last to avoid the stigma of pauperism.

They had such beautiful homes, but all they had has been swept away in the dreaded domestic dissolution, and the breaking up of their homes has well-nigh broken their hearts.

That is why we are forced to appeal to the country for funds for our Army of Relief.

Don't let our appeal be passed over in the turmoil of a General Election.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Scarborough," 10d.; "Ninth," 7½d.; E. H. H. (Southsea), 1s.; "Reader," 6d.; "Hopeful Ninth," 2s.; "I'm Tired," 1s. 6d.; "Grimsby," 1s. 3½d.; "Jake," 1s.; "Good Luck," 1s. 7½d.; "A Ninth on the Ninth," L. W., 3s. 2d.; A. B., 1s. 4½d.; T. W. H., 9½d.; "Good Luck," 5d.; Anon., 5d.; "Brum Ninth," 1s.; "Hope On," 1s. 3d.; Evesham, 7½d.; "Billiken," 2s. 10½.; T. ... 1s.; "Just a Little," 4d.; "O'Ninth," 1s. 10½.; "Olive's Ninth," 2s. 5d.; "Carrie," 1s.; J. G., 9d.; M. Thomson, 6d.; "Beatrice's Ninth," 4d.; G. J. Griffiths, 2s. 3d.; "Failure," 3l.; "Three Ninths," E. M. C., 6s. 7d.; "No. 1 Ninth," 2s. 6d.; "A Mite," 3d.; A. H. W., 2s. 6d.; "Hopeful Wife," 3d.; "Soldier's Widow," 4d.; "Wireless," 1s.; J. A. B., 6d.; "Htnin," 4s.; E. C. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 9½d.; "An Ulster Spud," 1s. 6d.; "Sicyon Wiss," 1s.; G. H. B. (Walsall), 9d.; "Edinburgh" 3s. 4d.; John B. Meeson, 10s.; "Winsear," 2s. 6d.; "Every Little Helps," 8d.; G. W. L., 9d.; "The Lord Will Provide," 6d.; "Little Cyril," 6d.; "Copyright," 1s. 1½d.; "Clovelly," 1s. 7½d.; "Dot," 7d.; "Lucky 13" (Thame), 9s.; "King's Lynn," 7s.; W. H. M., 6½d.; "Potty Xinth," 1s.; "Still Hopeful," 3d.; "Midget," 1s. 9d.; "Ashton-under-Lyne," 1s.; "Longtown," 1s. 5d.; "Llamy," 1s.; "Animal Lover," 6d.; E. Rayner, 1s. 3d.; S. Wingfield, 9½d.; "One Xinth" (Hove), 1s.; "Canvasser," 4d.; "Regular Reader," 1s.; "Lucky," 10s.; N. D. P. "Xinth" (Warwick), 9d.; "Hopeful," 1s. 7½d.; "Winnie," 2s. 4d.; H. R. C., 6s. 2d.; "Easter Gift," 5s.; "B.101," 1s. 3d.; G. S. (Blackheath), 2s. 6d.; "Bristol," 1s. 3d.; "Liverpool," 1s. 6d.; J. S. Elliott, 5s. 9d.; "Maximum," 2s.; "Every Little," 6d.; E. K., 4s. 6d.; "Edinburgh," 6d.; I. S. (Dublin), 2s.; "Only Em," 1s. 2d.; Heaton," 7½d.; "Third Instalment," 1s. 7d.; I. V., 2s. 10d.; A. D., 4½d.; "Unlucky Tim," 4d.; W. Winstone, 9d.; "Brotherly Love," 2s.; First Ninth," 2s.; "Jack" (Hull), 3d.; "Old soldier" (Brantford), 1 dollar; "A. E. another," 2s.; "Londoner in Lancs," 11d.; A. B., 1s.; A. K., 11s. 3d.; "Punter's" 9d.; "Yellow," 3s.; "Mary Jane's" 1s.; "Harlesdenite," 4s. 6d.; "Third Ninth," 10d.; "Tim" (Hook Road), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 1½d.; B. F. White, 1s.; "Oldham," 3d.; "Belper Mother," 10s.; "Edgar 1XHL," 1s. 1d.; "Cheerful Giver," 9d.; "Bolton," 2s.; O. U. E. S. M. 4d.; "Swansea," 9s. 6d.; A. V., 2s.; "3X4-9," 1s.; A. E. Lamble, 2s.; "Tennis," 2s. 3d.; "One Who Needs Luck," 2s. 2d.; "T/Z8899," 10½d.; "Begger," 3½d.; S. A. M., 6½d.; E. M. W., 1s. 1½d.; Mrs. Hegg, 1s. 6d.; R. A. (Belfast), 1s.; "Libretto," 9d.; "Hillfoot," 7½d.; "Heliotrope," 1s. 10½d.; "Hampton," 8d.; "Bouiva and Mrs.," 1s. 6d.; E. B. Morland, 9d.; "2 P.R.," 1s. 10d.; O. A. P. (Barking), 1s.; M. J. S., 9½d.; "Errant Lad," 2s. 6d.; "A Worker," 9½d.; "Ballot," 11d.; K. C., 1s.; "Hopeful," 3d.; "Plymouth," 9d.; "Old Green," 10d.; "Mirfield," 1s. 2d.; "Jay Ell," 1s.; "Tots," 7d; "Four Xinths," 2s. 6d.; A. Allen, 1s. 6d.; "Just Me," 5s.; "Entre Nous," 1s. 4d.; J. W. M., 2s.; Mrs. Thompson, 1s.; "One Xinth," 3d.; H. J. Powell, 3d.; "Click," 6d.; "Widow," 4½d.; "Poor Woman," 2d.; "A. May's Mite," 1s. 3d.; "Poor Woman," 1s.

Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.

100 "BULLETS" TURKEY WINNERS

Mrs. F. Allard, 31, Bridge St., Wye, Kent; A. Appleton, 4, Hill Rise Grove, Broad Lane, Bramley, Leeds; E. Ashton, 77, Pembroke St., Devonport; F. Austin, 82, Ford Hill, Devonport; E. Aves, 50, Margaret St., Ammanford, S. Wales; H. Barnard, 18, St. Mary's Rd., Harlesden, N.; A. E. Bates, 14, Higford St., Preston; J. Beardsale, 41, Winston Rd., Blackburn; Miss B. Beech, 76, Dyne Rd., Brondesbury, N.W.; E. R. Bishop, 138, Milkwood Rd., Herne Hill, S.E.; Miss M. Bishop, "Greystones," Vicars Cross, Chester; Mrs. E. Blore, 14, Derwent St., West Hartlepool; J. Booth, Ballymerrigan House, Rathnew, Wicklow; T. Bradford, 14A, Eldinton Rd., Streatham, S.W.; Mrs. A. Bradshaw, 30, Benson Rd., Newcastle; J. R. Brierley, "Ryecroft," Rochdale Rd., East, Heywood; Miss D. Brown, George St., Snaith, Yorks; E. Brown, 15, Bernard St., Nottingham; W. T. Brown, 27, Electric Rly. House, Westminster; H. Callund, 36, Mythop Av., Lytham, Lancs.; A. M. Calton 110, London Rd. North, Lowestoft; Mrs. C. Chalmers, 3, Strathmore St., Perth; J. A. Chick, 14, Hudson Bldgs., Preston's Rd., Poplar, E.; H. Churcher, 19, Douglas Rd., Tonbridge; H. Claylor, Newtown, Malvern; F. Clews, 62, High St., Evesham, Worcs.; P. Connolly, 51, Portland St., Sheffield; D. Coombes, 63, Stockton Rd., West Hartlepool; J. Cusick, 12, Durham Rd., Lr. Edmonton, N.; J. Doull, Village-Watten, Caithness; V. Dunn, 7, Raby Park, Wetherby, Yorks; J. Durrant, Magnolia Villa, Manor Rd., Guildford; P. R. Evans, 107, High St., Gotaleing; H. Everard, Woodland Lodge, New Southgate; Mrs. E. Gerrard, 18, Rigby Lane, Bradshaw, Bolton; J. F. Glover, "Allandale," Osborne Rd., Stockton-on-Tees; C. Gordon, 62, Beacon Hill Rd., Newark-on-Trent; S. E. Hamps, Christchurch, Wisbech; H. Harnsworth, 16, Hather Terr., Rodsehill, Bradford; C. Harris, 5, Prospect Terr., Newton Abbot; Miss S. Hillard, Park Cotts., Everercech, Bath; Mrs. J. Hills, 9, Blundells Rd., Tiverton; A. Hollis, 1, Lilian Rd., Ramsgate; J. Holt, 370, Oldham Rd., Newton Heath, Manchester; W. Hooper, Chapel Hill, St. Erth, Cornwall; R. J. Hooper, 2, Ynys Terr., Rhydfelan, Pontypridd; W. T. Hornsby, Lion Garage, Berwick-on-Tweed; C. Howard, Holton St., Mary Rectory, Colchester; F. Howard, 38, Lochnagar St., Poplar, E.; T. Howard, 23, Seahouse St., Whitehaven; W. H. Jones, 12, Queen St., Nantyglo, Brynmawr, Bree; J. Leinster, Ballinderry, Lisburn; Miss J. Lennon, 489, Commercial Rd., Portsmouth; A. G. Maddan, 18, Aberdeen Grove, Armley, Leeds; H. Matthews, 112, Ferndale Rd., Clapham, S.W.; S. W. Middleditch, 40, Rosebery Gardens, Haringay; R. P. Mills, 4, Wellington Mans., Charlton; H. J. Mitchell, Meeth, Hatherleigh, Devon; A. H. Moore, Broad Rd., Oulton Broad, Lowestoft; Miss E. McLuden, Donaghmore, Newry, Co. Down; K. Palk, 70, Chalden Rd., Caterham; Miss J. Palmer, Seacombe Bungalow, Stoke Fleming, S. Devon; W. A. Parkinson, 6, Dryden Rd., Fleetwood; W. Phillips, 1, Seaforth Vale West, Liverpool; Miss D. Poll, East Winch, King's Lynn; G. Polley, 30, Penwells Place, Peckham, S.E.; M. R. Pratt, 234A, Old Christchurch Rd., Bournemouth; R. Pringle, 66, Bonaly Rd., Edinburgh; A. Purday, 47, Crescent, Woodlands, Doncaster; J. H. Rayner, 66, Blackburn St., Blackburn; F. Roberts, 111, Dacey Rd., Liverpool; L. D. Rogers, Burton Cottage, Cresford, Wrexham; W. Russell, 48, Ringlow Park Rd., Swinton, Manchester; R. Sharp, 15, George St., Worsbro Bridge, Barnsley; F.O. Shuttlebotham, "Kingsfield Cottage," Newcastle, Staffs.; G. W. Smith, Institute, West Cornforth, Durham; H. Smith, 26a, Aspen Lane, Earby, Lancs; S. Smith, 45, Priory Rd., Hampstead, N.; T. H. Snickernell, 39, All Saints Terr., Cheltenham; Mrs. Stevenson, 29, Clifford St., Byker, Newcastle; J. Stewart, 48, Grove St., Glasgow; F. W. Taverner, 69, London Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea; F. R. Taylor, 58, Hamilton Rd., Salisbury; J. Tayler, 2, Victoria Rd., Brighton; F. Thompson, 7, Preston Rd., Birmingham; H. W. Tier, 6, Council Houses, Botley, Hants; W. Tripp, Ithend, Bishop's Waltham, Hants.; J. Twigg, Whipton, nr. Exeter; G. Wale, 5, Elm Terr., Orpington, Kent; A. Walker, 112, Burton Rd., Lincoln; W. R. Walker, Wansbeck House, Haswell, Sunderland; W. Ward, 16, Togo St., Oatlands Mount, Harrogate; Mrs. G. Watkins, 74, Park Rd., Cwm Park, Treorchy; M. Wellings, 55, Albany Rd., Kensington, Liverpool; G. W. Whipham, 9, Finsbury Grove, Hull; Mrs. S. Wilkins, 132, High Street, Rickmansworth; A. E. Williams, New Passage, Totnes; R. Williams, c.o.G. Townsend St., Cheltenham; Miss M. Wilson, 2, Margaret Rd., Whitley Bay; S. Young, 18, Frances St., Woolwich, S.E.

BULLETS' GREAT CHRISTMAS OFFER

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 502

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:
MR. TOM SPENCE,
29, Oxford Street, Cleethorpes.

Example:—ONCE A WEEK
Bullet:—"DRAWING"—REMAINDER "ARITHMETIC."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
MR. J. SYER, Bolsoir Road, Bottesford, Notts.

Example:—WHAT WAS PROMISED
Bullet:—EX-CROWN PRINCE" SHOULDN'T ESCAPE."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:
MR. C. W. GRIFFIN, Church Street, Richmansworth, Herts.

Example:—GOOD LOOKS
Bullet:—NOT WHEN SHE'S "ROUSED."

10 Prizes of £5 each:

CORPL. C. FULLER, c/o 63, Casewick Rd., West Norwood, S.E.:
CRUMB OF COMFORT—MIDDLEMEN DON'T HANDLE WATER.

MRS. H. PASCOE, 20, Vauxhall St., Plymouth:
GOOD SHOW—ARMISTICE DAY MUSN'T BECOME.

H. A. SMITH, 23, Devon Rd., Barrow-in-Furness.
ONCE A WEEK—THOSE EARLY MORNING EXERCISES

MRS. E. M. SCOTT, 13, Ardbeg St., Crosshill, Glasgow:
WORK OF ART—DEFEATED CANDIDATE'S PUBLIC SMILE.

B. KISMET, 1, Victoria Cotts., Beaconsfield St., Hull:
WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS—FOOL COMPLAINS OF NOISE.

I. WALTERS, 69, Cocker St., Blackpool:
MISLAID ROOT TO HAWKER'S FERN.

A. J. WHITBREAD, 7, New St., Luton, Beds.:
IN A DREAM—TILL BOOT HIT BRIDEGROOM.

JOHN MCLEOD, 21, Greenhead Drive, Linthouse, Glasgow:
IN SOCIETY—TOYS WON'T DISPEL LONELINESS.

WILLIAM MILES, 22, Wedgewood St., Newton Heath, Manchester:
AT WORK AGAIN—ASKING NAMES OF TOOLS.

GEORGE PICKUP, 12, Milbourne St., Oswaldtwistle, Lancs.:
WORK TO FOLLOW—ONCE CHILD'S RUDENESS APPLAUDED.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

A. ROBERTS, 316, Mile End Rd., London, E. 11.
ONE FOGGY NIGHT—OFFICE-BOY PREFERS MORNING.

MRS. B. PHILIP, 39, Mackenzie Rd., Beckenham, Kent:
AN ANGEL—COULDN'T AGREE WITH TROTSKY.

MRS. A. E. BISS, 30, Chatsworth Rd., Rock Ferry, Cheshire:
IF WE ONLY KNEW—AND *Only We* KNEW.

J. BASTON, Panhaven Rd., Amble, Northumberland:
OUT OF HAND—THEIR LETTER NEVER POSTED.

H. A. STROHM, 28, Chadway, Chadwell Heath, Essex:
LIKE A BABY—WASHING MOTOR—FIRST MONTH.

A. H. HANNAFORD, 37, Beechwood Av., Kew Gardens:
NOT FAR OFF—EMBANKMENT COUCH—RIVER BED.

CHARLES URQUHART, 69, Gordon St., Huntly, N.B.:
ROOM FOR US—PORTER'S OPINION—NOT PASSENGERS'.

TOM HUGHES, Plasynddol, Bala, N. Wales:
WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS—FRIENDS TELL YOU—AFTERWARDS.

MRS. SPROTLE, 49, Durban Rd., Watford, Herts:
LIKE A BABY—PROFESSIONAL CRIMINAL USUALLY SLEEPS.

HENRY MASEY, 1, Orchard Hill, Carshalton, Surrey:
ONCE A WEEK—"AMENS" WITHOUT AMENDS, USELESS.

List of 100 TURKEY Winners will be found on page 30.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 505.

THE RESULT
MOVING THE CROWD
LLOYD GEORGE
HOME FIRES
BALDWIN'S NEXT MOVE
FOOTBALL
THE REAL PROBLEM
NEW HOUSE
MODERN MAID
AFTER THE ELECTION
OUR MEMBER
BUYING A PUP
A MUDDLE
THE OLD GAME
HAPPY FATHER
ENCOURAGING
MY AMBITION
DARK AND FAIR
HIS RETURN
SMOKING
AFTER WORK
IN TROUBLED WATERS
SUNDAY BEST
YOUNG AND OLD
HER PROMISE
REPAID
READY FOR CHRISTMAS
CLOSING DOWN
FOR THE PEOPLE
NEAR SQUEAK
CROSSING THE ROAD
WORTH WATCHING
UNWISE
GOOD FOR HER
COMING ROUND
PERHAPS
A GOOD WIFE
HITTING HOME
UP TO US
HARD AND FAST

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

List of £1 and 5s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 502 will be published in next week's "Competitor's Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the office of "JOHN BULL."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—HOLIDAY PROBLEM *Bullet*:—WEARING EVERYTHING SHE'S TAKEN. *Example*:—ON THE MOVE *Bullet*:—"SUBMERGED WRECK" BECOMES MENACE. *Example*:—FIRST THING *Bullet*:—AFTER ENGLISHMAN'S SACRIFICE—CIGARETTE. The entry for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 505, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 13.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(505) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 13.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(505) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 13.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(505) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 13.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(505) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

SELECTION FOR EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 505.
THE RIGHT PLACE—IN LONDON—A RISE DAY—BEFORE CHRISTMAS—IN THE MORNING—FOUND OUT—LOSING THE FIRE—A DRAW—THERE—ON THE FILMS—AFTER SCHOOL—TAKEN TO TASK—FOOL'S GAME—IN A FLASH—NEARLY OVER—HARRIED OR HUDDLE—GUILTY CONSCIENCE—SHORT SIGHTED—ONE UNDER—MY BOOK.

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 505 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 505, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the forty Examples for Competition No. 505.

The original cheque for £1000 awarded to the First Prize winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 331 can now be seen in the window of Mr. H. Gethen, 34a, Duke Street, Glasgow.

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time.

FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page *is your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial.* If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the *velvet soft* Brooks Appliance.

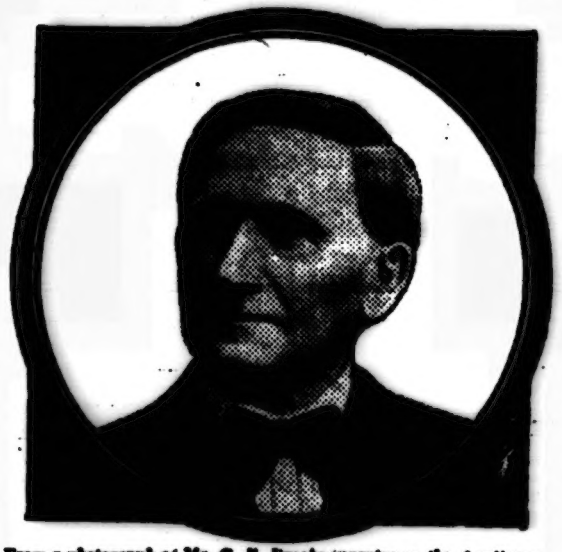
Instead of the hard pad of a truss, use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And above all else it **HOLDS always.**

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

Over 253,000 People have Accepted this Offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 253,000 men, women and children, there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours.* Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for *you?*



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day to Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 90, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2.

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the result of more than 30 years' experience, and the percentage of cures effected by its use is little short of miraculous.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Men, Women and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this **No-risk Trial Offer.**

No other rupture support, truss, device pad, or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction. If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept this Offer.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established, and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon TO-DAY

Free Information Coupon.

Brooks Appliance Company, Ltd.

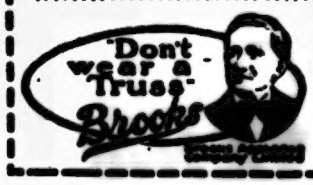
(1763Y) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of rupture, and your trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....



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